DAWN OF THE PREFAB ERA, By Arthur Koestler

Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 14, 1959 / 25¢

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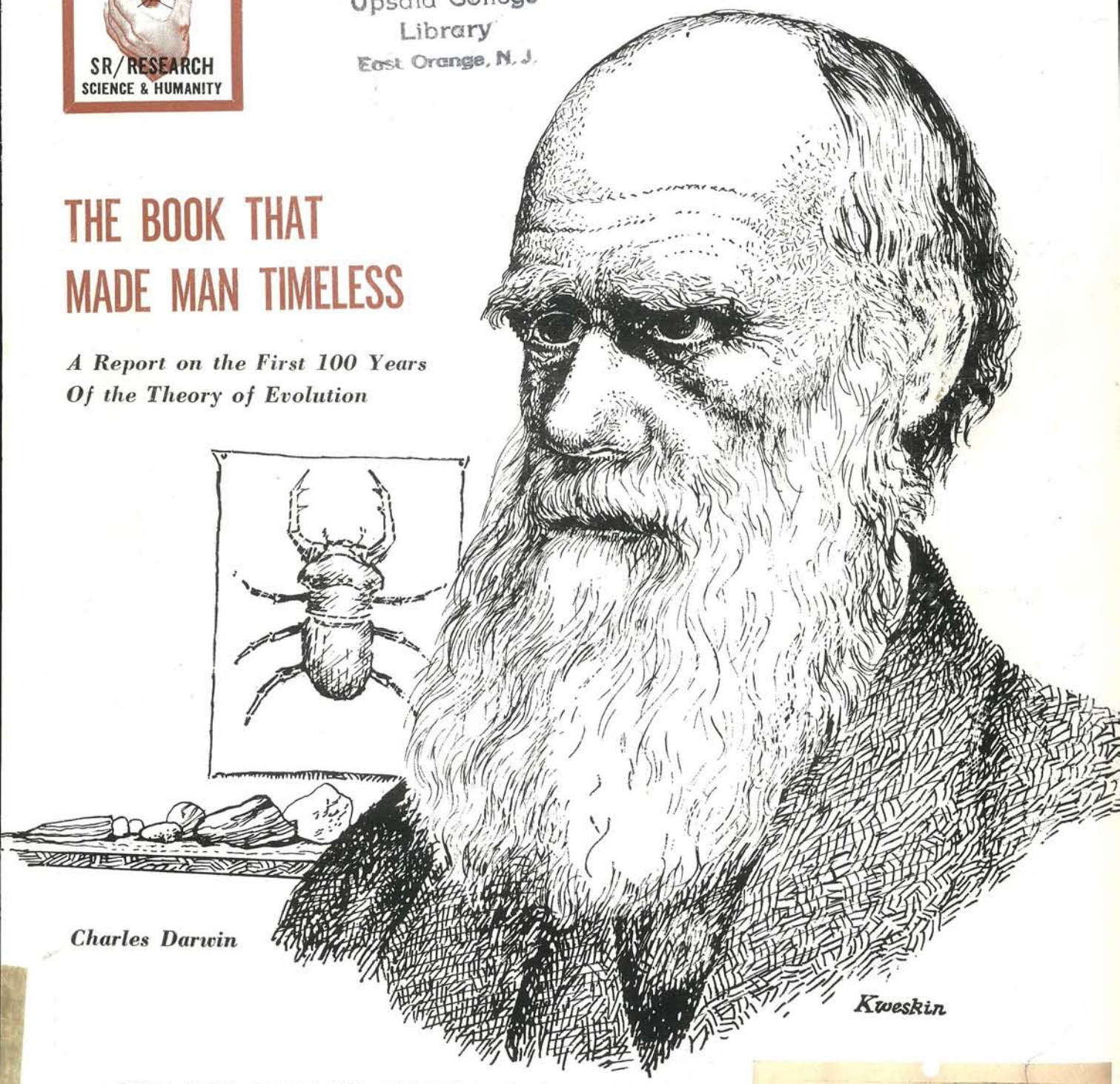

Charles Darwin

Kweskin

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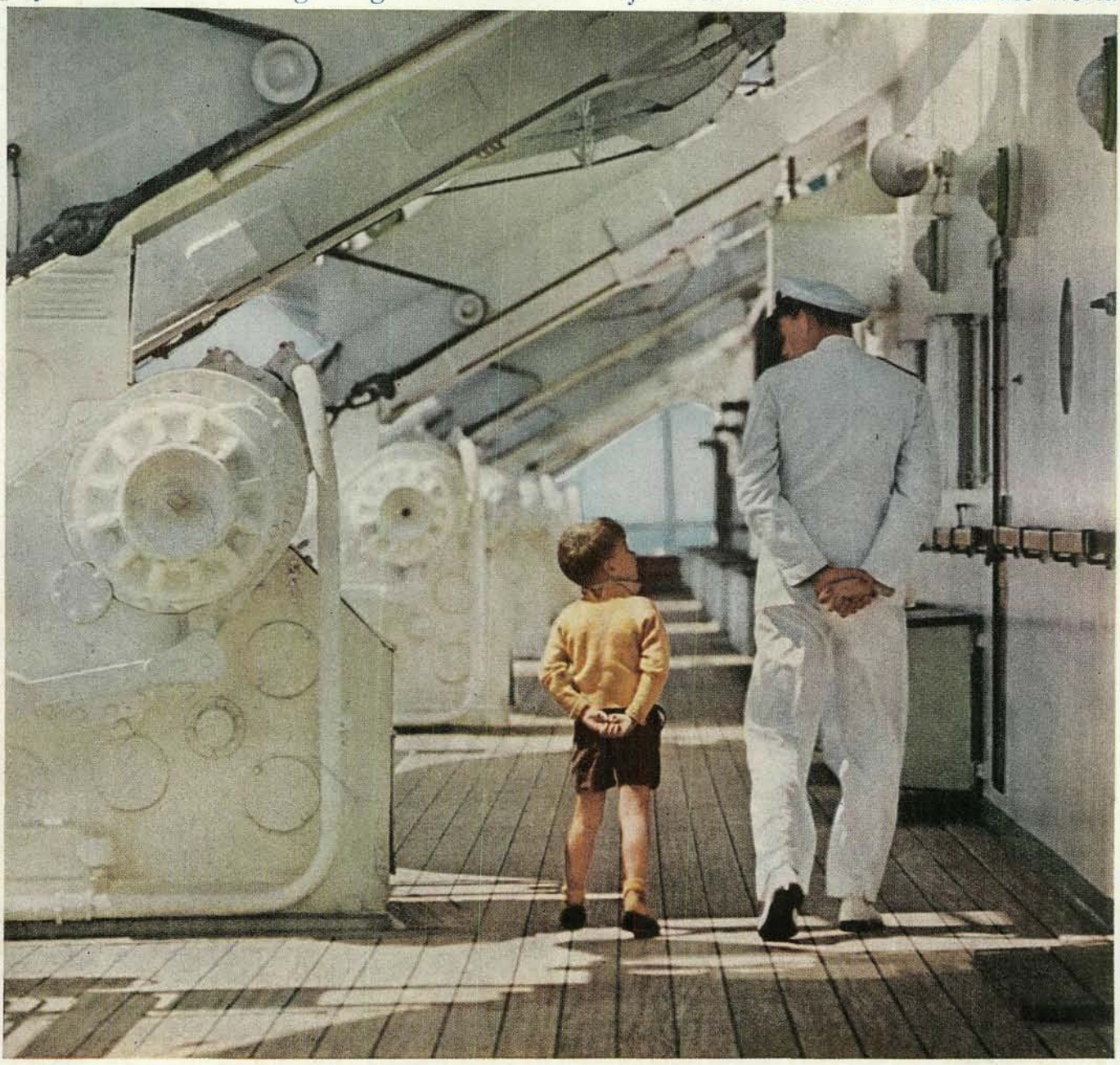

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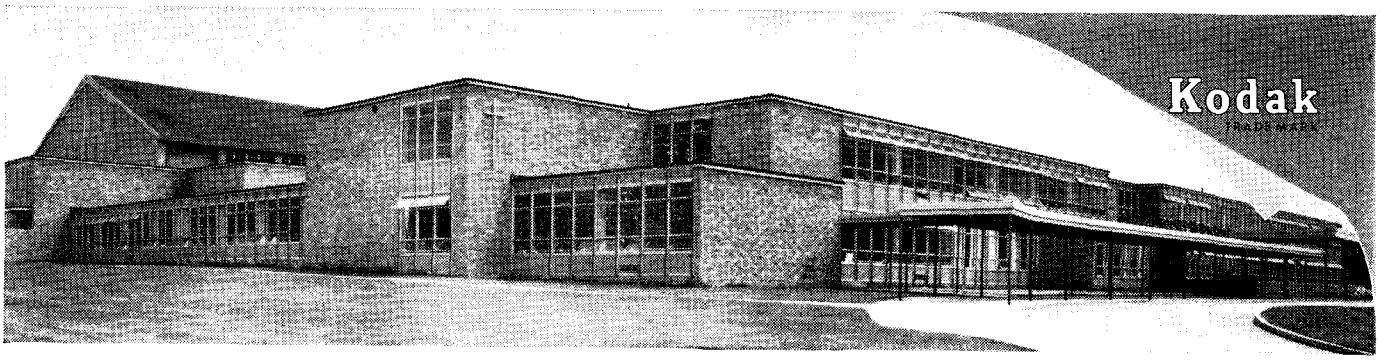
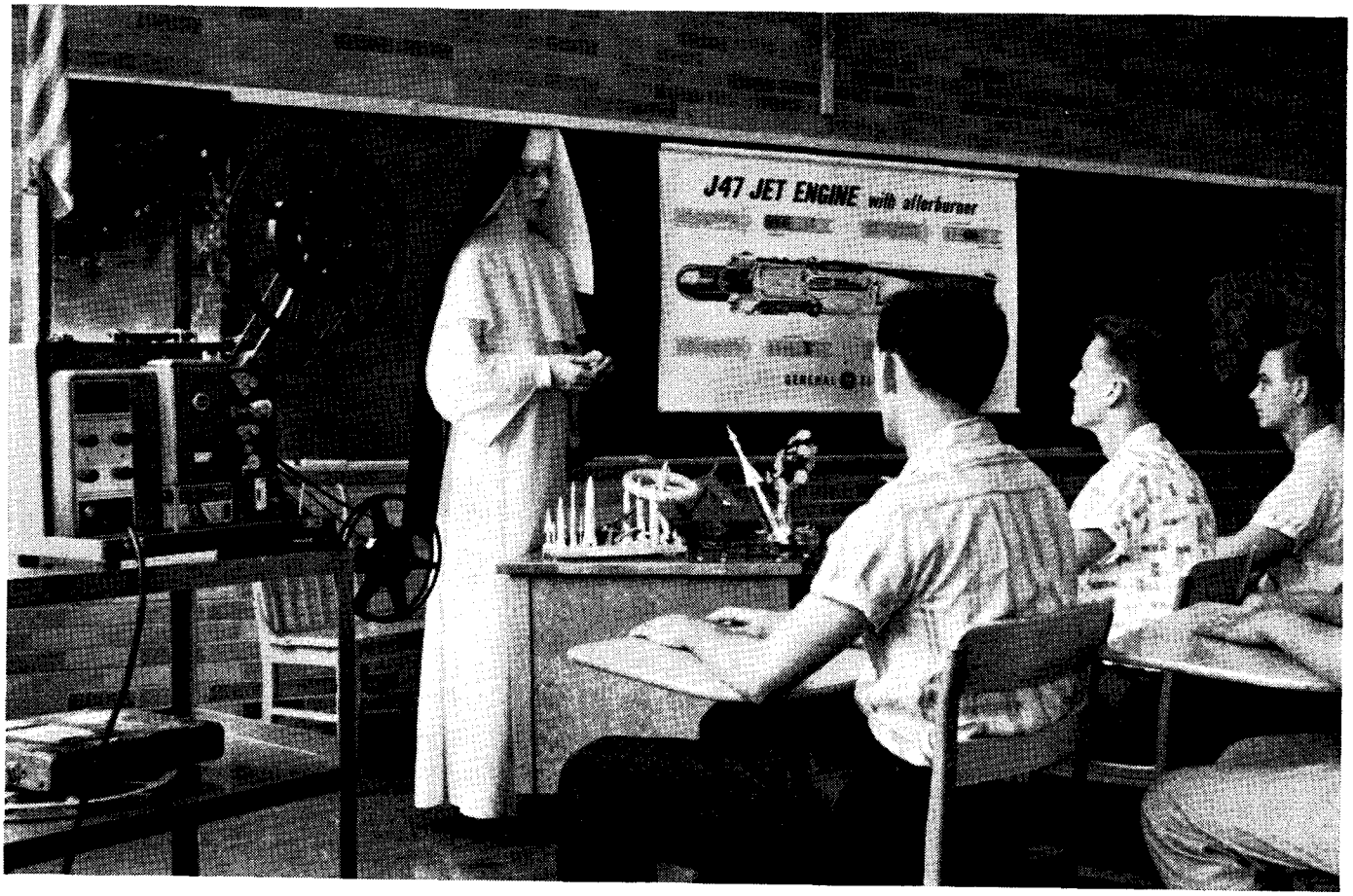


At the new Cardinal Mooney High School, Youngstown, Ohio, selected by A.A.S.A. for its exhibit of outstanding school designs, Sister Marijane, O. P., says:



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Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 14, 1959

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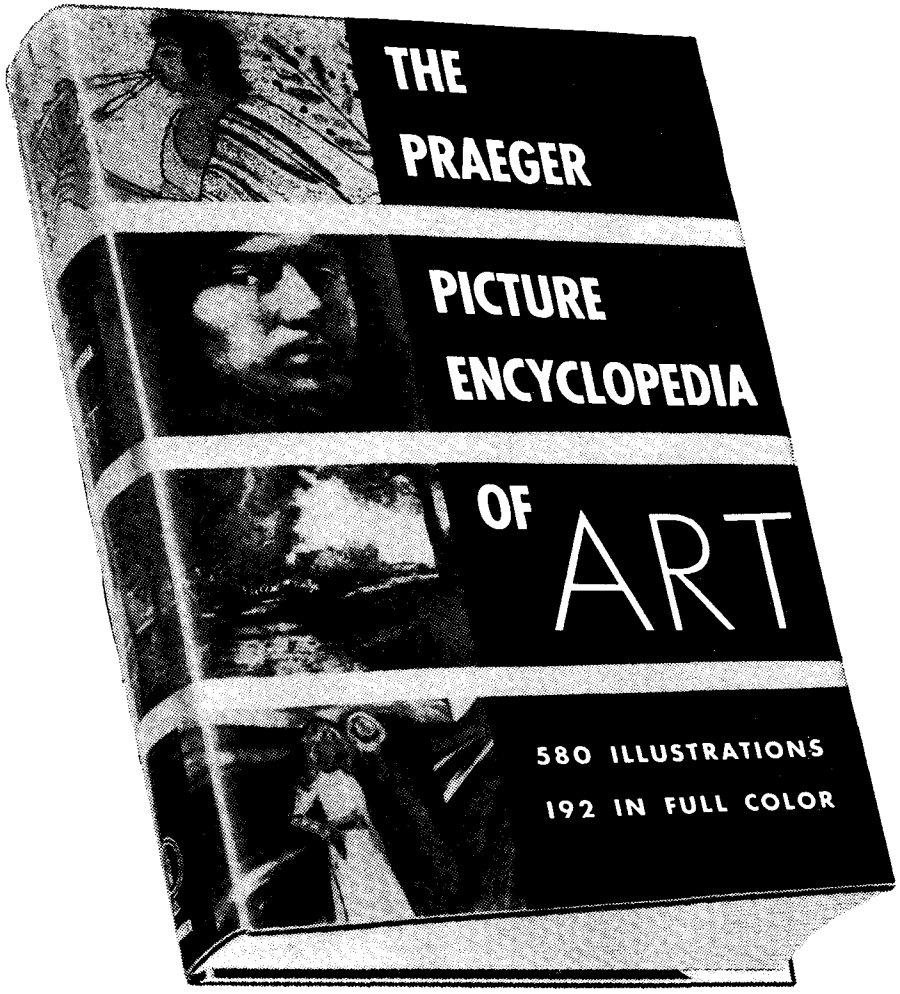

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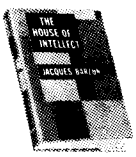

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TRADE Winds

IT'S BEEN ONLY a few months since Bernard Geis Associates brought out its first book, a Max Shulman effort which has already sold thousands of copies and which has an incestuous connection with a television show starring Dobie Gillis, the hero of the book.

Since then BG has come along with a Groucho Marx book and now a new one by Art Linkletter. The print orders on these books are always around 100,000 at a time, and there are many times. Linkletter's "The Secret World of Kids" is already into a third printing, bringing the total to about 300,000. When these books go into paperbacks, they will reach the moon, surely going as high as the two million mark reached by Linkletter's other book. "Kids Say the Darndest Things." There is promise of more to come.

For a long time something has puzzled me about all this, and I think I have finally found out what it is. Bernard Geis is not in the book-publishing business. He and his associates are in television. When one considers the amazing impact of this form of book selling on the good old-fashioned publishing industry, the mind reels, and it is absolutely necessary to adopt some new philosophy about it. Otherwise, a person can't focus his eyes again on ordinary books.

Why focus your eyes on ordinary book publishing? Because, friends, we have to have something to hang on to. We must remember that there are such people as editors, first readers, and copy people. They work hard on manuscripts. And there are salesmen and publicity staffs. They all struggle along with their little, unknown novels and unglamorous historical tomes every season. About the time Art Linkletter was telling his thirty-five million viewers about his new opus, perhaps the bookshop in Washington Depot, Connecticut, was wondering if six copies of Scribner's "Florentine Art Under Fire" by Dr. Frederick Hartt were too many to order.

"Florentine Art Under Fire" is a book, whereas Bernard Geis is putting out written material for television audiences. I have had to adopt this attitude to retain my perspective. More power to them all, and *chacun à son goût!*

RIDERS OF TRANSPORTATION in the Twin Cities are now being subjected to the Crazy Ad treatment. These are the wacky signs that are placed strategically among the legit posters in buses, in what is said to be a successful attempt to get folks to read them all. Unfortunately (or fortunately, I guess you

might say), people answer the Crazy Ads, such as the one that advertised giant squid for sale as household pets. Here's one which has aroused some response:

ACT NOW!

Let us drill in your home! Our crew of 200 miners are waiting to drill until we find something. You may be living over valuable coal, oil, or uranium! Pay nothing until we find something. Remember: "If you've got it, we'll get it." Write Crazy Ads, 5009 Excelsior Blvd., Minneapolis.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, there were a few inquiries regarding this one, too:

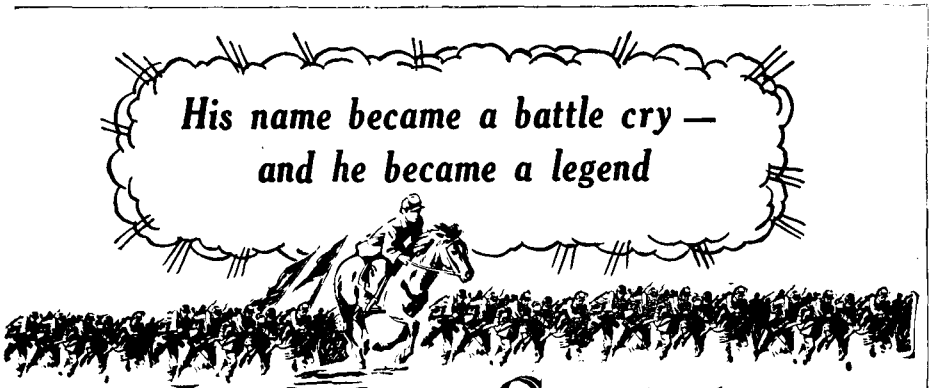
FOR QUICK SALE

4,000 foot lockers in delightful rust color. Size 46 x 72 x 18 x 43 x 2. Carefully packed in protective grease. Each one contains administrative records of the Belgian Underground Balloon Corps. Order several today. Write Crazy Ads.

RONA JAFFE is back with us again, and the principal reason is that Pocket Books has just unloaded five million copies of "The Best of Everything" on the reprint outlets of the nation. Rona has been seen autographing these cheaper editions in the five-and-dime stores in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia.

"I stand in the five and ten," she told Trade Winds in an extremely exclusive interview, "and hundreds of women come up and ask me if I will take their money. I say, 'No, but I'll sign your book.' The trouble is that I don't look like my photograph, and even though I've been standing next to the poster no one recognizes me."

It matters not, for they are nevertheless selling thousands of copies of this book—which tells young girls how to behave or not to behave in a Manhattan



Johnny Shiloh

By JAMES A. RHODES and DEAN JAUCHIUS
Authors of *The Trial of Mary Todd Lincoln*

Johnny "joined" the Army at the age of nine — the youngest soldier ever to bear arms in battle. Only three feet tall — they called him "forty pounds of fighting fury." He served in some of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War, was wounded three times, twice had his pony shot out from under him. Now, in this exciting, fast-paced novel based on fact, he lives again — a brightly glowing symbol of the spirit that made our country great.

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office—and it hasn't hurt any to have a motion picture come out right now with a big blare of publicity. The film has been chosen as the official picture for the Henry Hudson Celebration. This was not explained any further to me, and the general feeling on the part of the author is that "The Best of Everything" is a rather strange choice, considering the violent activities contained in some parts of it. Henry Hudson, however, was a sailor and would not have objected, I believe.

Miss Jaffe has just completed a new novel, to be called "Away from Home." It concerns young married Americans living in Rio de Janeiro, and for this one Hollywood will be asked to pay $500,000, rather than the measly one hundred grand she got for "TBOE."

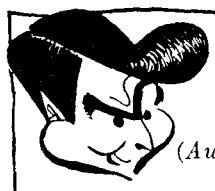
A SURVEY by the Gilbert Youth Research Company has determined "the ideal boy" that American teen-aged girls are seeking. These are the qualifications:

He must be a tall, blue-eyed blond with a crew cut. He prefers conventional language to slang and jive talk, and he doesn't smoke or drink. He wears chino pants when the occasion calls for sports wear, but a conservative suit with white shirt and tie on formal occasions. And, the nationwide survey reports, the ideal boy friend is "the life-of-the-party type but, more important, he's sincere." Most of the girls require a fellow who earns his own money, and who gets the highest grades in school.

I feel that if we can locate a fellow who satisfies the requirements called for by the teen-aged girls of the nation, it would be a shame to let him go steady. My cynicism is probably shared by the 12 per cent who said it was all right to have an insincere boy friend as long as he was "smooth." I also have some respect for the 15 per cent who agreed with a practical Birmingham girl who stated,

"I like boys who get a large allowance."

A FEW MONTHS ago *SR* printed a cartoon showing a fellow standing at the cashier's window of the Traffic Violation Department and saying, "But I thought I could charge anything with my American Express credit card!" It happened! Not long afterwards one of our readers was picked up in Northhampton County, North Carolina, as he was tooling along toward Hollywood, Florida, at the illegal rate of seventy-five miles per hour. The justice of the peace fined him forty-five dollars, for which our friend presented his American Express credit card. The JP accepted it and then mailed it in to American Express to get his money.



On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

LANGUAGE MADE SIMPLE: NO. 1

In this day of swift international communications, like radio, television, and the raft, it becomes more and more important to be solidly grounded in foreign languages. Accordingly, I have asked the makers of Philip Morris whether I might not occasionally forego levity in this column and instead use it for a lesson in language.

"Of course, silly!" chuckled the makers of Philip Morris, tousling my yellow locks. Oh, grand men they are, just as full of natural goodness as the cigarettes they make, just as clean and fresh, just as friendly, just as agreeable to have along in all times and climes and places. "Of course, fond boy," laughed the makers and tossed me up and down in a blanket until, giddy with giggling, I bade them desist, and then we all had basins of farina and smoked Philip Morrises and sang songs until the campfire had turned to embers.

For our first lesson in language we will take up French. We will approach French in the modern manner—ignoring the tedious rules of grammar and concentrating instead on idiom. After all, when we go to France, what does it matter if we can parse and conjugate? What matters is that we should be able to speak *idiomatic conversational* French.

So, for the first exercise, translate the following real, true-to-life dialogue between two real, true-to-life Frenchmen named Claude (pronounced *Clohd*) and Pierre (also pronounced *Clohd*).

CLAUDE: Good morning, sir. Can you direct me to the nearest monk?

PIERRE: I have regret, but I am a stranger here myself.

CLAUDE: Is it that you come from the France?

PIERRE: You have right.

CLAUDE: I also. Come, let us mount the airplane and return ourselves to the France.

PIERRE: We must defend from smoking until the airplane elevates itself.

CLAUDE: Ah, now it has elevated itself. Will you have a Philippe Maurice?

PIERRE: Mercy.

CLAUDE: How many years has the small gray cat of the sick admiral?

PIERRE: She has four years, but the tall brown dog of the short blacksmith has only three.

CLAUDE: In the garden of my aunt it makes warm in the summer and cold in the winter.

PIERRE. What a coincidence! In the garden of *my* aunt too!

CLAUDE: Ah, we are landing. Regard how the airplane depresses itself.

PIERRE: What shall you do in the France?

CLAUDE: I shall make a promenade and see various sights of cultural significance, like the Louvre, the Tomb of Napoleon, and the Eiffel Tower . . . What shall you do?

PIERRE: I shall try to pick up the stewardess.

CLAUDE: Long live the France!

© 1959 Max Shulman

* * *

Et vive aussi les Marlboros et les Alpines, les cigarettes très bonnes, très agréables, très magnifiques, et les sponsors de cette column-là.

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THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S EDUCATION—TO LOVE! There had been other men!...But from their first meeting... he made her feel like a girl awakening to life! The always bold, bitter-sweet love affair of F Scott Fitzgerald and his Beloved Infidel, Sheilah Graham.

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Sad to relate, the company did not feel compelled to handle the fine for its client, and all the North Carolina authorities received was a letter explaining that they would have to be more careful next time.

By that time the speeder was back home. He received his credit card in the mail from American Express. They asked him not to do it again, please. He's still laughing over that cartoon.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Loyd Ring Coleman's comprehensive book, "The Practice of Successful Advertising," is now available in this country. It was published recently in Australia, and can now be ordered from James Watson & Company, 51 Melcher Street, Boston 10.

► Aldous Huxley told *Think* magazine: "I'm writing another novel. It's a "Brave New World" in reverse. Set in the present, it's about a hypothetical island between Ceylon and Sumatra. On it live a people which is precariously trying to take the best from the cultures of the East and West. It will take me, I suppose, about a year to finish. The problem is to find a story that will carry it. It's a good idea, if I can pull it off."

► According to society reporter Nancy Randolph, one evening during the steel strike Ben Fairless, head of the American Iron and Steel Institute and former chairman of the U. S. Steel Corporation, was given a table at the chic Colony restaurant next to that of David McDonald, leader of the strikers. Fairless, who was having dinner with his wife and daughter, ordered champagne sent to McDonald, who was with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Phil Regan. A nearby cynic murmured, "Let them eat cake."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1337)

M. FISHBACK:

LINES ON (TURNING OVER) AN OLD LEAF

The sycamores of Murray Hill
Are shedding on my window sill.
Regard this leaf, so wet, so prone,
Yet regal, both in shape and tone.
Beneath it, note the pattern left. . . .
I think there is no artist deft
Enough to conjure a design
So unmistakably divine.

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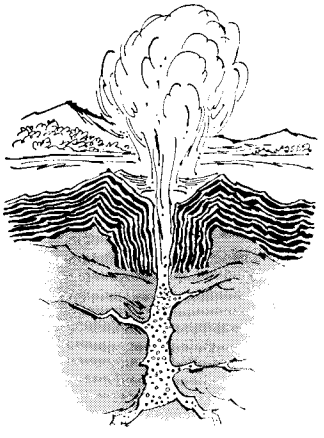

"Old Faithful" is a modern reminder of volcanoes that raged thousands of years ago. Still hot, volcanic rock deep beneath the earth heats water around it beyond surface boiling temperatures. This water expands under pressure into steam, exploding upward with such force that it pushes a column of water as high as 150 feet and more into the air.

OIL'S FIRST CENTURY
BORN IN FREEDOM
WORKING FOR PROGRESS

there's more to Cities Service than meets the eye!

"Old Faithful" is as entertaining as it is punctual. But few observers realize they are actually watching the steaming aftermath of great volcanoes which raged thousands of years ago.

Similarly, the facts of oil company operations escape the casual observer. Not many for example, would imagine that Cities Service products are found not only at service stations but as ingredients in drugs, plastics, clothing, building materials and countless other items. Few envision the world-wide operation this entails.

To help meet present petroleum needs, Cities Service has invested a billion dollars in modern facilities. Meeting future demands will be even more costly. Thus, within the past two years, Cities Service has spent over $350 million for this purpose.

Only in this way can America be given what she must have for progress—more jobs, more and better petroleum products.

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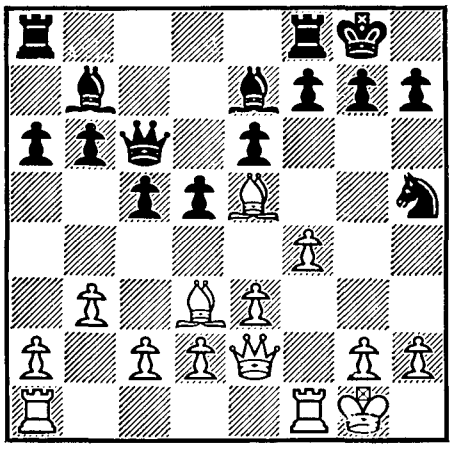
Chess Corner—25



The game of chess is divided into three parts, the opening, the middle game and the endgame. Basic ideas of strategy and tactics relate to each, and these are covered in various works. The chess master of today must be a specialist in each department. He must not only improvise, but also retain at his finger tips the successful and unsuccessful campaigns in every contest of note. Many a master can cite chapter and verse the historical introduction and modification of every good plan. If you asked one of them for the game showing the double bishop sacrifice, violently to expose the enemy King, here is what you would see.

BIRD'S OPENING

Dr. E. Lasker		J. H. Bauer	
White		Black	
1 P-KB4	P-Q4	6 B-Q3	B-N2
2 N-KB3	P-K3	7 N-B3	0-0-0
3 P-K3	N-KB3	8 0-0-0	QN-Q2
4 P-QN3	B-K2	9 N-K2	P-B4
5 B-N2	P-QN3	10 N-N3	Q-B2

Each side has developed along natural opening lines, except that White's Bishops are poised for action in the direction of the enemy King.

11 N-K5	NxN	13 Q-K2	P-QR3
12 BxN	Q-B3	14 N-R5!	NxN

Diagram

Superficially, it appears that Black is whittling down the wood; that there is little left with which to attack. But wait.

15 BxPch! .....

The beginning of a profound and elegant combination to set up a mating net.

15 ..... KxB
16 QxNch K-N1
17 BxP! .....

The second "sac." After this, Black can only wriggle and squirm.

17	KxB	19 R-B3	P-K4
18 Q-N4ch	K-R2	20 R-R3ch	Q-R3
	21 RxQch	KxR	
	22Q-Q7		

Black resigned shortly.

—Al Horowitz.

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meet Dan Taulbee

hard-rock Copper Miner and famed Indian Artist

At left, "An Old Sioux," one of over 1000 works by Dan Taulbee in oil, water color and pen and ink. From November 22nd through December 5th, Taulbee will have an exhibit at New York's Burr Art Galleries, which a year ago awarded him second prize among 70 entries in a juried, national art competition.

Dan Taulbee is a professional fine arts painter . . . in his spare time. Part Comanche, Dan paints knowingly and authentically of the vanishing Indian lore that was part of his childhood on the Blackfeet Indian reservation—in that beautiful and fabled country of Northwest Montana hard by "The Richest Hill on Earth" at Butte.

For more than five years Dan has been a skilled miner in Anaconda's mile-deep Mountain Con mine.

Diversification of abilities, talents and aspirations in *all* the "Dan Taulbees" is as desirable as diversification of products in the company for which they work. For even with its vast mines and fabricating plants, covering the non-ferrous metals field from aluminum and copper to uranium and zinc, among Anaconda's greatest assets are its *people.*

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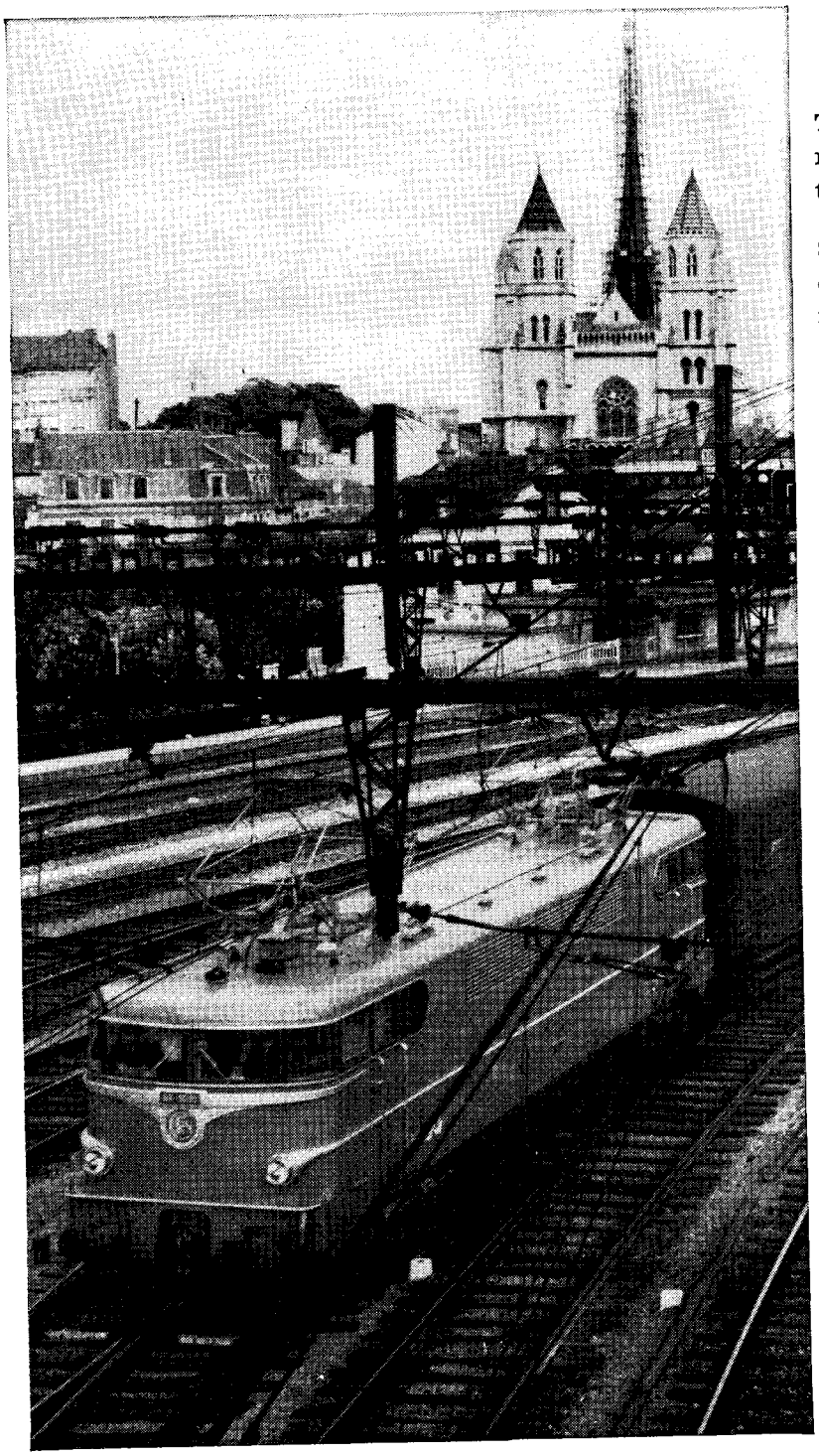
50 million Frenchmen say "Vive les chemins de fer"!



The war left France with a big economic headache and very little railroad to make a comeback on.

So the French took the first big step toward industrial recovery by immediately restoring the railroads. Progress has never let up since.

Today, French industrial production is up 80%, as compared with ten years ago, thanks in part to the national policy of encouragement of the railroads. Freight traffic has increased by 65% —with less equipment than before the war. And France has become even more of a power to be reckoned with in world trade.

In France — and around the world — railroads are recognized as the most productive form of general transportation, with the lowest true costs.

* * *

In the United States, by contrast, public policies tend to ignore this basic truth.

Here, the government appears indifferent to the strength and stability of the railroads while it promotes and encourages the railroads' competition.

Railroads are burdened with discriminatory taxation — while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government.

* * *

The railroads of the United States ask no special favors. All they ask is equality of treatment — and the opportunity to compete on an equal basis — to the benefit of the public.

On such a basis, America, too, would be making the best use of its railroads — the nation's greatest transportation asset.

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 14, 1959

DAWN OF THE PREFAB ERA

Ever since the appearance of his remarkable novel "Darkness at Noon," Arthur Koestler has been regarded as one of our most original and highly creative observers of political movements and the men who make them. In this respect he has been compared with the brilliant, foredoomed British writer George Orwell, who was another keen student of the intellectual underpinnings of our culture. Mr. Koestler here resumes his analysis of contemporary man and society, and detects some striking trends. This article is published by special arrangement with the New York Herald Tribune and the Observer of London.

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

IN A fishermen's restaurant in the Lavandou, on France's Mediterranean coast on that September day twenty years ago, the waitress announced in a flat voice, while arranging the dishes on the table: "They say on the wireless that the Germans have invaded Poland." Next to us, a massive Frenchwoman in widow's weeds nodded with evident satisfaction: "We are entering the Age of the Apocalypse."

Now that the days of the Apocalypse have receded into the past one wonders what the age that followed it will be called by the historians. Several labels have been suggested: the Age of the Common Man, the Age of Anxiety, the Age of the Juke Box, the Age of Space. Each expresses a partial truth, but the parts do not add up to a whole; and this emboldens one to suggest yet another label: the Age of the Pointed Paradox.

The outstanding paradox is perhaps that *politically* this planet has never before been so sharply divided into two and *culturally* has never before presented such a uniform appearance. Traveling at the speed of sound and communicating at the speed of light, we have entered into a state of cultural osmosis, where influences percolate across the porous frontiers, traditions wane, individualities vanish, and a homogeneous civilization, with a standardized style of life, is beginning to emerge all over the world.

To take examples as they come to the mind: we now have a kind of Esperanto architecture which makes the modern parts of Tokyo almost indistinguishable from those of Stuttgart or Cape Town. The same ferro-concrete and glass blocks are going up in Zürich and in New Delhi, accompanied by the same chorus of complaints about the insoluble traffic problem, by the same ribboning-out of metropolis into subtopia.

Fashions, tastes, styles, and crazes, were in former times also exportable, but they travelled at a leisurely rhythm; now they are flashed on electromagnetic waves round the world. The most popular night-spot in the geisha quarter of ancient Kyoto is called "Bar Brigitte Bardot."

The motorbus which carries the traveler at five AM from Bangkok Airport to the center of the capital of Thailand has a loudspeaker through which American crooners purr at him, and make him wonder whether his journey was really necessary. The Arabian desert is ploughed by Cadillacs, and the exhibition of Eskimo handicrafts at the airport of Anchorage, Alaska, bears the same hallmark of the Late Woolworth Period as the idols of Krishna, made of plastic, which are worshipped in Indian homes.

Whether one likes it or not, the movement toward a uniform and stereotyped global culture pattern has become irresistible.

It is irresistible because the media of mass communication produced an historical novelty: a culture controlled by back-feed. In former times, the creative individual addressed himself primarily to an educated élite and could never be quite sure of his "audience rating"—which, he felt, depended partly on posterity. Today, a vast transmitting and receiving apparatus is interposed between him and his audience.

This applies equally to the potter and the poet, to furniture designer, composer, and quiz-answering savant. The machinery which amplifies, multiplies, and distributes his output works both ways: it feeds back reliable information to its operators (through box-office and audience ratings, best-seller lists and balance sheets) regarding the type of music, wallpaper, historical romance and homely brains-trust philosophy the public wants. And what the back-feed reveals is that the public, with relatively minor local variations, wants the same all over the globe.

THIS led to the next step in the stereotyping process: back-feed control made it possible to provide prefabricated answers to most physical and cultural needs. Newspapers printed in Sanskrit type carry the same comic strips as a Salt Lake City paper. the yodelling mountaineers of Vorarlberg dance with their *dirndls* to the same tunes from the juke box as the Komsomols in Sverdlovsk.

Already, the phenomenon is taken so much for granted that we hardly notice to what astonishing degree our emotions are prefabricated. The pin-up girl with her carefully computed bust-to-hip ratio and facial expression is the prefab-dream of millions of the most varied racial and individual tastes,

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brought to a common denominator. To whatever station on the globe one tunes in at night, the odds are that—again with minor local variations—an acoustic mush will pour out, intended to satisfy certain basic emotional needs: the bromide of Muzak potpourris, the syrup of the crooner, the benzedrine and/or aphrodisiac of jazz and rock 'n' roll.

It is true that paperbacks and Sunday Proms gained a larger audience for good music and good literature; but this progress is small compared to the vast regress caused by commercial television and the other mass media of entertainment.

To the discerning minority all this is distressing. But this minority is constantly shrinking in proportion, owing to a twofold revolution: firstly, the entrance on the postwar stage of the previously underprivileged classes, and secondly, of the underprivileged races, as consumers of mass culture and controllers of the back-feed process. Just as the traditional pleasure-grounds of the privileged, from the Gulf of Naples to the Engadine, have been invaded by the new class of holiday-makers and made practically indistinguishable from Blackpool or Coney Island, so everywhere and in every field the former have-nots of culture dictate the style of living, the standards of beauty, the designs replacing the former crafts, from ashtrays to three-piece suites.

Yet from a different point of view, this world-wide movement toward a culture standardized on the level of the lowest common denominator has its hopeful aspects. It conforms, after all, to the ideal which Tolstoi preached: that art must speak a language which all can understand. He relied on the "inborn taste of the People" and refused to realize that natural taste, like natural intelligence, requires a laborious education.

Every movement of democratic and social reform, from the Gracchi onward, denied that it aimed at a "leveling down" and affirmed that it would achieve a "lifting up" of living standards; but inevitably the former occurred, if only during the period of transition. The same law seems to operate in the cultural field, notwithstanding any Tolstoian illusions. The liquidation of the slum districts and slum continents entails a period of cultural slumming. The first product of the African awakening was a naked figure adorned with top hat and umbrella. The Age of the Common Man produced Liberace.

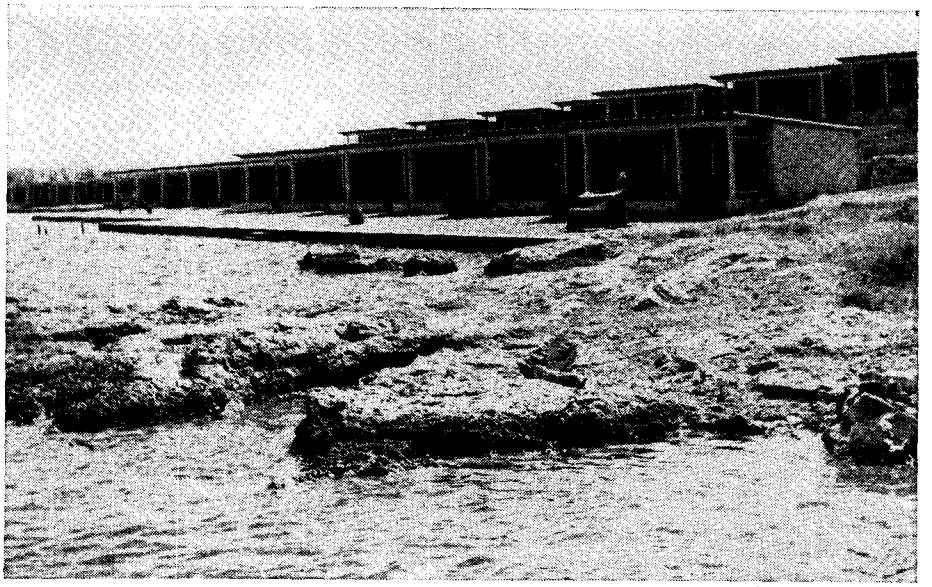
In the political field, the osmotic process towards uniformity and homogeneity is reflected in the various federative movements all over the world: Arabia, South-East Asia, the continent of Europe. On the latter, the feeling of unity among the younger generation, who travel on their scooters without passports across the vanishing frontiers from Holland to Sicily, is far in advance of the debates in the Strasbourg Assembly. In this "silent generation" of sober young people, who are so astonishingly similar in type and aspirations, Pan-Europa has become a psychological reality, regardless of how long it may take until it is formally endorsed.

As against this global trend toward political unity and cultural uniformity, we find a line running round the planet like a Martian canal, protected by mine fields, patrolled by soldiers with old-fashioned bayonets. The canal is interrupted only in the territories of races new on the political stage; here the mine fields are dotted between the parties and classes.

Yet if a Martian of superior intelligence, alighting from his saucer, were to try to define the essence of the conflict, he would not find it an easy task.

He would be told, for instance, that the conflict is between "Right" and "Left." He would then discover that the term "political Left" originated in the French National Assembly after the Revolution of 1789, and became later associated with liberal opinions; that it gradually lost any concrete meaning and simultaneously increased its sentimental appeal; until, at the beginning of the last war, about half a dozen reactionary parties, seated in the right wing of the Chamber of Deputies, were all carrying the word "Left" in their names; while the term "extreme Left" was applied to the worshippers of tyranny and terror.

The Martian would be equally puzzled by the meaning of the word

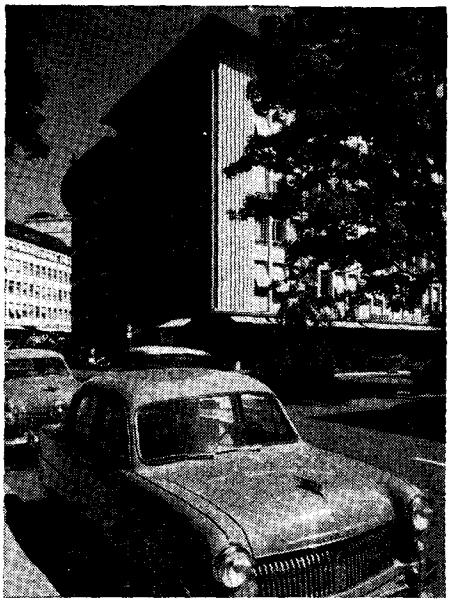


—*Royal Greek Embassy.*

The modern structure seen above is not a motel in Southern California, it is "Astir Beach" on the Greek Mediterranean.

Below: Traffic problems bedevil Zurich on left and Moscow on right.

—*Photo Chifelle.*



—*Sovfoto.*

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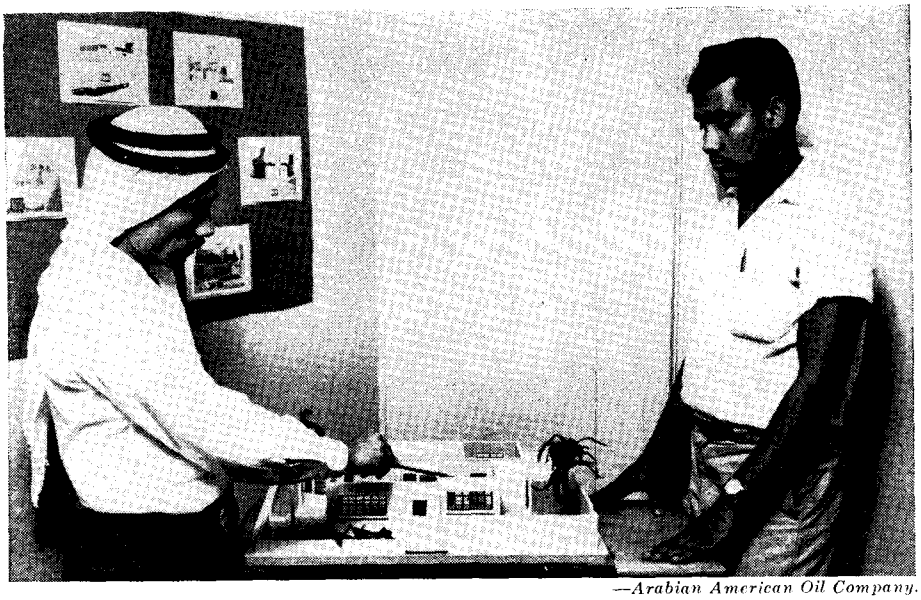

—*Arabian American Oil Company.*

Above: Home ownership counsellor shows Aramco employee, at right, a model of home style available in Dhahran.

Below: Americans develop a taste for the small foreign car. A shipment of English Vauxhalls being unloaded in Baltimore.

General Motors Corp.

Socialism, which appears in such varied contexts as "National Socialism," "Soviet Socialism," and "Christian Socialism," denoting diametrically opposed philosophies and policies. He would conclude that the Age of Paradox was submerged in a semantic chaos, in which police States were called "Popular Democracies" and the carved fetish was replaced by the verbal fetish.

Leaving semantics and Martians aside, the reasons why we have to live in a divided world just at a time when the media of mass communication are knitting it into one, still remain elusive and difficult to define. Thus a considerable proportion of the population on both sides, and particularly in the "uncommitted" territories, still believes that the canal divides the "Socialist" from the "Capitalist" parts of the world; where "Socialism" by and large is meant to refer to the philosophy of Marx and Engels.

But that philosophy was steeped in the spirit of cosmopolitanism and derided the very notion of national sovereignty; whereas today the latter has become the motto of Soviet diplomacy, and "cosmopolitan" (with the adjective "rootless") a term of abuse. As for the Socialist parties in our half of the world, they have also lost their internationalist élan; when Labor was in power it remained consistently hostile to European integration, whose foundations were laid by such arch-Conservative, Catholic veterans as de Gasperi and Dr. Adenauer. Thus everywhere in the postwar world the Socialist movement has ceased to be Socialist, in so far as it no longer represents the spearhead of internationalism in politics.

When we turn from international to domestic policies we are faced with even greater confusion. Regarding freedom of speech and assembly, representative elections, and the right to oppose Government, the situation in the "Socialist" and "Capitalist" halves of the world is almost exactly the reverse of that implied by their designations. Imagine a new kind of magnetic compass, polarized according to that pair of opposites as they were traditionally understood; the needle would never come to a standstill and the navigator would go off his head. Precisely this seems to have happened to countless political navigators and their trusting crews.

Only in the economic domain does a clear-cut distinction still appear to exist. But the realities behind the appearances do not fit into the theoretical framework on either side.

ON the one hand, it has become evident that, *ceteris paribus*, State Socialism is indistinguishable from State Capitalism. On the other hand, "free enterprise" in a controlled economy has ceased to be free, and "private" ownership in a managerial society is becoming less and less private. The problem facing every country is no longer one of choosing between the abstract alternatives of nationalization or free enterprise, but of finding in each case the proper balance between the two.

As for "capitalist exploitation," it still undeniably exists, but so does exploitation by the State in the other half of the world. The trade unions in the "Socialist" half have been transformed from an instrument of the working class into an instrument for the coercion of the working class; in the "Capitalist" half, they are being transformed into powerful pressure groups which show as little concern for the welfare of the nation as any other vested interest.

Thus while the fissure dividing the two worlds remains sharp and deadly, the struggle of ideologies has become a confused battle in the mist. The alternatives "Left or Right," "Capitalism or Socialism" have lost their relevance to the conflict between East and West, and have equally lost their relevance to the domestic problems of the West. They are based on nineteenth-century concepts carried over from an age of static trench warfare between the classes into the fluid and infinitely more complex conditions of the twentieth, and will soon appear as meaningless as the war between the Cavaliers and Roundheads.

There exist well-known precedents for such a state of affairs. In successive periods of history it looked as if the whole civilized world would become either Muslim or Christian, either Catholic or Protestant, either Monarchist or

(*Continued on page* 59)

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ARE WE REALLY EDUCATING OUR BUSINESS LEADERS?

THE GREAT corporation is one of the basic social institutions in our society, exercising decisive economic power, influencing public taste and value patterns, and operating in intimate, complex involvement with government, labor, consumers, stockholders, and the citizenry at large. One out of every eight American adults now owns some stock. Therefore the education and social outlook of the business leaders who wield this broad economic power are of major concern to our society. Leading colleges and universities have created both undergraduate and graduate faculties in business to prepare aspirants for business success. But two questions are being asked more and more: Are the colleges doing their job? What is their job? Two new reports seek to answer these and other questions. They are **"Higher Education for Business," by Robert A. Gordon and James E. Howell** (Columbia University Press. 470 pp. $3.50), sponsored by the Ford Foundation, and **"The Education of American Businessmen," by Frank C. Pierson** (McGraw-Hill. 730 pp. $7.50), underwritten by the Carnegie Corporation.

The explosive growth of vast industries in our society was triggered by the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania a century ago. Without petroleum it is impossible to conceive of the automobile industry or most of our other giant corporations—those huge, complex enterprises which the modern professional executive must direct today with an ever broader sense of social consciousness.

SR's reviewers of the Ford and Carnegie reports are Courtney Brown, dean of the Graduate School of Business, Columbia University, who is concerned with educating future business leaders, and Leland Hazard, who recently retired as vice president of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, of which he is still a director. Currently a member of the faculty of Carnegie Institute of Technology, Mr. Hazard writes from the viewpoint of a business man who has had to recruit the products of our business curricula. Following their discussion of education for business, *Saturday Review* also includes a commentary by Frank W. Abrams, former chairman of the board of Standard Oil (New Jersey) and a trustee of Syracuse University, who examines some of the repercussions of the drilling of the first oil well in 1859 on our contemporary society and its industrial managers.

1. Needed: New Tools—New Methods

By COURTNEY BROWN

EDUCATION for business is "a restless and uncertain giant in the halls of higher education." Its problems are many, its opportunities still more numerous. While today "there is no clear-cut model of what a good business school should be," there is a healthy groping for direction and desirable change. Professors Robert A. Gordon and Frank C. Pierson have prepared reports on business education that will assist this reappraisal; indeed, these books should be bench marks for years to come.

Quite naturally, both authors are deeply concerned with the problems of business education. The collegiate gardens in which many students are preparing themselves for business careers have weeds among the bright flowers. It is the opinion of the authors that, unfortunately, the weeds are more numerous than the flowers. It is hard to tell whether this is the result of the rapidity with which education for business has grown during the last half century, of the complex requirements of modern business, or of policies adopted mistakenly by the faculties and administrators of the schools and departments of business. It is probably the result of all three factors in differing degrees.

Rightly or wrongly, the resources of higher education, particularly at the undergraduate level, have in recent decades been applied increasingly to the task of providing effective people for all levels and functions of the business complex. In fact, many feel that collegiate business education has reached too far down in the business structure for its subject matter. One out of every five male undergraduates is now taking a business course in one of the 163 schools of business or in one of the 424 college and university departments or divisions of business. The results, according to Professors Gordon and Pierson, have been satisfactory in only a limited number of institutions.

There can be no question that many programs would greatly benefit from less specialization and vocationalism, from higher standards of work, and from closer integration with those basic academic disciplines that help us understand the nature and behavior of men. Having said this, however, one must ask several additional questions: Why does collegiate business education exhibit this highly specialized, nonacademic aspect? Would its modification deprive business of adequately trained personnel? If collegiate business programs are to be remodeled to emphasize managerial action and responsibility, as some have urged, will it be necessary concomitantly to enlarge the instruction in specialized and vocational materials offered by secondary schools, proprietary commercial colleges, two-year community colleges, and by business firms themselves?

There is even a harder question. Is the typical undergraduate able to grasp fully the nuances of complex management problems? Isn't it possible for collegiate business education, particularly at the undergraduate level, to aim too high as well as too low in its attempts to acquaint students with the structure of modern business? The important consideration is that each institution should find its optimum zone of competence.

One matter seems clear. The limited resources of the four-year colleges and universities should be assigned to those phases of preparation for business that cannot be equally well served in other

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ways. This means that education for business in the institutions of higher learning should be broadly based. It should emphasize the analytical aspects of business problems; the interrelationships between business and the environment in which it operates; the theory and principles of organizations and their administration; and the applicability to business problems of scientific methods and of such basic academic disciplines as economics, mathematics, philosophy, psychology and sociology. Preparation of the collegiate student for the first job should be subordinate to, and indeed a by-product of, the development of transferable business talents for unpredictable tasks of tomorrow.

A MAJOR share of the criticism of business education is caused by the failure of individual schools and departments to define their objectives precisely. Too many faculties of business are trying to do too many things for too many people, with the result that confusion and contradictions are inherent in their programs.

The development of specifically defined purposes is a prerequisite to the achievement of excellence. Every faculty, within the limits of its agreed-upon purposes, should feel a compulsive urge toward excellence. The surest way to frustrate this urge is to accept a task too broadly defined to be accomplished in view of the available funds, faculty, and student body. On the other side of the shield, the acceptance of a task too narrowly defined raises serious questions regarding its suitability as the basis of an academic degree.

One hears often the exhortation that collegiate business education give more emphasis to managerial problem-solving. It is barely possible that too many institutions of higher learning have heard the siren call of education for business management. It has a nice prestige-ring about it and it appeals to students, who like to think they are preparing themselves to enjoy the authority and emoluments attendant on the managerial status. Professor Pierson has properly observed that "a managerial approach is not without serious dangers, especially at the undergraduate level, since capacity for administrative responsibility is chiefly developed through experience, not through academic study. . . . The body of tested knowledge in this area is still painfully small."

Perhaps an equally defensible area of work for an undergraduate faculty may be found in the application of general knowledge and scientific methods to significant business issues, with stress on the basic academic disciplines. Collegiate education can lay the founda-

(*Continued on page* 44)

The Evolution of the American Executive

1559

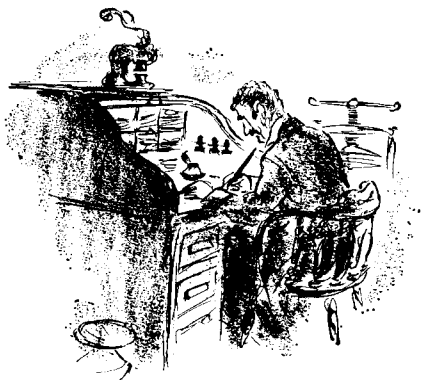
1910

1620

1920

1750

1930



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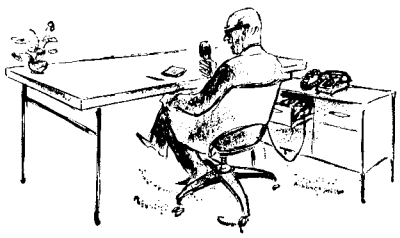

1959

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2. Business and the Good Society

By LELAND HAZARD

SAMUEL JOHNSON quipped to Mrs. Thrale, "Trade could not be managed by those who manage it if it had much difficulty." Except for the eighteenth-century use of the word "manage," which did not become prevalent with respect to business until the twentieth century, this piece of wit is among the most outmoded of the great man's sayings. Trade—by which I mean investment, production, and distribution in a world of exploding population, leaping technology, and social ferment—*does* involve difficulty. Since the turn of the century, and in mounting numbers in the past twenty-five years, American colleges, universities, and graduate schools have been offering to equip young managers to deal with such problems. How well have the schools been doing the job?

Two independent studies of the present status of American business education, and what it should become, have now been released concurrently. These extensive and well-organized reports are the fruit of some years of work by distinguished educators, economists, and specialists, aided by sophisticated advisers from business and other institutions. Grants from the Carnegie Corporation and Ford Foundation have made possible the two timely, independent works. They will have world wide influence on business education for years to come.

In the Ford Foundation report Robert A. Gordon examines the empirical evidence concerning the qualities needed by business—obviously in order to deduce from such findings what the principles of business education should be. He finds that "verified knowledge in this area is discouragingly slim." He finds that the "personal views of individual businessmen" on what they need in graduates from business schools are "all highly subjective and to some extent contradictory." He finds that even out of the mounting studies of psychologists and personnel experts "few generally accepted conclusions have as yet emerged" to correlate specific characteristics with successful executive performance. Despite the paucity of evidence, Gordon concludes that the basic skills and abilities required in business are:

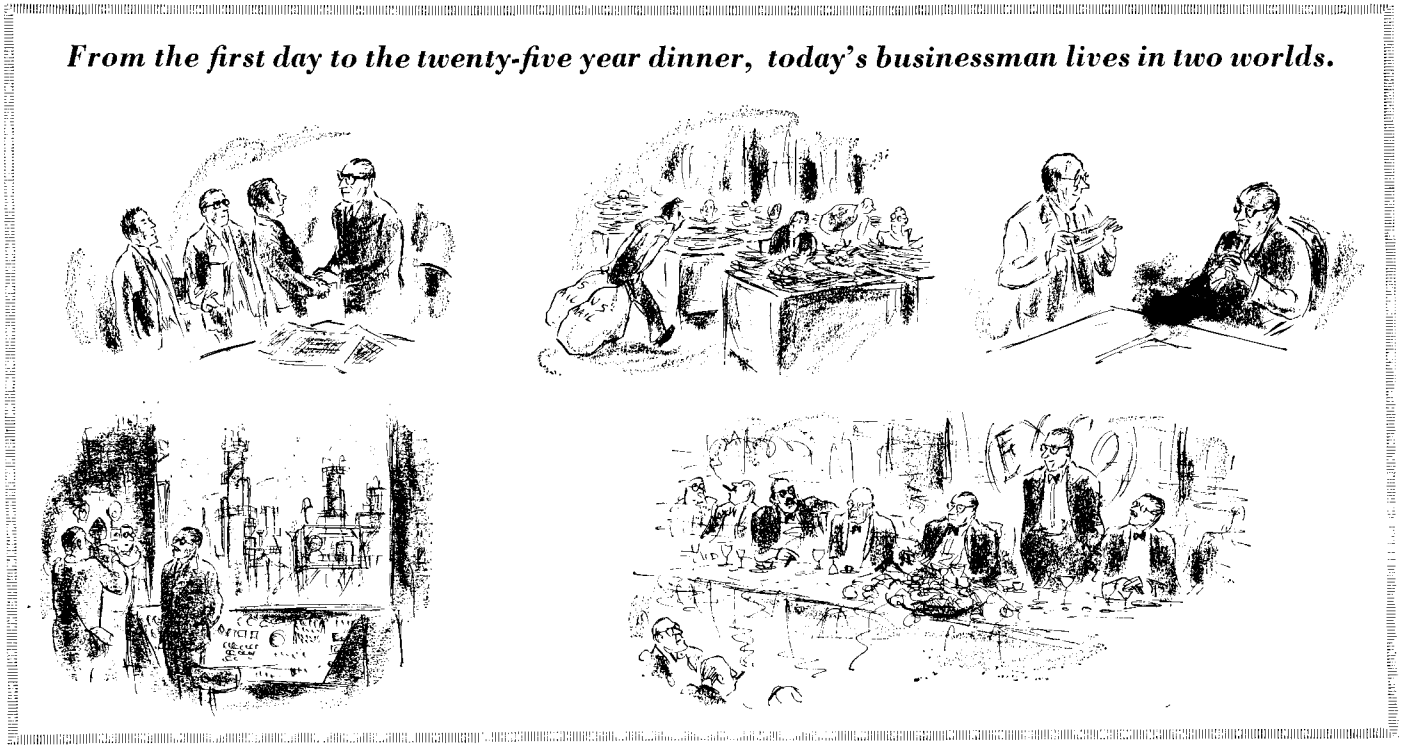
1. analytical ability, judgment,
2. skill in interpersonal relations,
3. the ability to accept responsibility and to make decisions,
4. general administrative skills,
5. breadth and flexibility of mind, imagination,
6. facility in personal communication, strong personal motivation.

Perhaps it is not fair to point out that all of these qualifications are required also in any ecclesiastical hierarchy. But it would be more fair to say that many principles drawn from complex data usually seem obvious, once stated. "Yet," Gordon concludes, "there are relatively few business schools that adhere consistently to these principles in the details of their educational programs."

In a foreword Thomas H. Carroll, vice president of the Ford Foundation, hails the *trend* in business education (which now accounts for one out of seven degrees granted in higher education) toward increased emphasis on the social and behavioral sciences and upon modern mathematical and statistical methods. He comments, "Previously only the relevance of economics had been appreciated." But both reports demonstrate that only a handful out of 163 schools of business and 424 college and university departments of business are following the trend which Mr. Carroll notes. The reports regretfully suggest that business education has grown much more rapidly in quantity than in quality.

The studies call out in a harmonious duet for an upgrading of business education; for the introduction of more demanding curricula, despite evidence that students in business schools make a lower score on comparative intelligence tests than do students in many other fields.

Frank C. Pierson says in the Carnegie Corporation report that "busi-



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ness schools could raise the content and quality of their programs materially and still meet the needs of the bulk of their students. . . . The business schools should concentrate their energies on developing the most demanding programs of which they are capable. . . ." Pierson urges studies which have genuine intellectual, analytical, and literary content, and he urges a de-emphasis of narrow professionalism and vocationalism. These last he would leave to the many facilities which exist in company training programs, evening schools, junior and community colleges, and the like. In other words, higher education for business is urged to be higher.

In general, the reports recognize that business, particularly large corporate business, lives in two worlds: first, the inner world of increasingly complex problems of finance, production, and marketing; and, second, the outer world—the political, legal, and social environment of business.

We have many new tools for analyzing the inner world: the disciplines of the behavioral sciences; the techniques of advanced quantitative analysis; the application of advanced mathematics and the computer to business problems are but a few. The uses of these tools are taught in only a tiny minority of business schools.

Unfortunately, the outer world is barely touched in most of the schools. The obvious needs are for an acquaintance with the humanities, an understanding of history as prologue to the future, and a comprehension of the totality of the society in which business must live. Finally, as George Leland Bach urges in a chapter of the Carnegie report, the business school must predict the society of twenty to thirty years hence. It is the society of that day, he unanswerably insists, in which our business school graduates will come to power and responsibility.

The pages of the reports call for an ideal business school whose faculty, ignoring time, might include a James Bryce, an Arnold Toynbee, and a William (or even Henry) James, as well as the teachers and scholars of techniques more usually associated with business. But the problem is how to put such a faculty together for an integrated program. As G. L. Bach puts it, "The assumption that the student will put together in his mind what the faculty cannot accomplish in theirs seems a dangerous assumption indeed."

Both reports breathe a moving humility, making it clear that much more data is needed, that many investigations are required, and that we need especially to study the decision-making process in action, within the business firm itself. Money from business—but

(*Continued on page 46*)

3. The Hundred-Year Revolution

By FRANK W. ABRAMS

THE PETROLEUM industry is a century old this year. The story of oil's contributions to the economic development and material well-being of our nation during the past 100 years is a dramatic one. It is impossible to imagine today's modern, mobile society existing without oil.

Beginning with a thick, gummy, dirty-looking substance originally found oozing out of the earth's surface, men with the free man's itch to go places and do things created a cascade of useful products. In the process they made jobs for more than one and a half million people employed by forty-two thousand separate companies in the petroleum industry alone; they helped start countless other businesses; they provided an income of some $8 billion a year for farmers, educational institutions, small landholders, and states, in the form of royalties, rentals and bonuses; they piled up an annual revenue of almost $5 billion for government from sales and excise taxes on gasoline and other oil products, not to mention over $2 billion in real estate, production, payroll, and income taxes.

The important factor in this success story is not the material we had to work with but what we did with that material. The riches laid at the feet of the consumer were wrung from oil by men anxious to achieve and willing to take the substantial risks that have prevailed in our industry from the beginning. The important factor was not oil, but men. That our industry was early to recognize this truth, and to act on it, is to me one of its most noteworthy accomplishments.

For example, oil companies were adopting pension plans for their employees as early as 1903. Early in my employment with Jersey Standard I worked on shift schedules for process men that reduced the work week from eighty-four hours and allowed one day of rest in seven, and I helped design lavatory and locker rooms to replace "any place around the corner," as well as the proverbial nail for coat and overalls. As early as 1918 the company adopted an employee representation plan which gave workers an opportunity to be heard on matters affecting them. This was a real innovation in those days and yet it was only a little over forty years ago.

These were just the first of many steps by which a virtual revolution in working conditions has been accomplished in United States industry. Along with these innovations came the shorter work week, paid vacations, group insurance, savings and incentive plans, stock ownership by employees—all of the "fringes" which make up the rugged fabric of the greatest prosperity and security any working population has ever enjoyed. This is not to say that the oil industry single-handedly led the world to social progress. But its contributions have been considerable, and are definitely worthy of comment.

Even more significant, it seems to me, is the part which the oil industry has played in formulating and acting on a new concept of the role of the corporation in society, namely, that a corporation is more than an economic entity, that it is an integral part of the society which it serves and to which it owes its existence, and that consequently it owes obligations to that society.

Self-interest is understandably a prime consideration in business decisions made in a competitive economy; but, more and more, this motivation has been tempered with a broadening sense of social consciousness. This widening sense has been disclosed in many ways —in enlightened employee policies, for example. Voluntary financial contributions are other methods by which free enterprise meets social responsibilities.

One of the oil industry's most notable achievements has been its active support of higher education. Indeed, our industry was one of the first to act in this field. It was not an easy task, as I can testify from personal experience. There were legal difficulties to clear away. And there are still and probably always will be problems of how support can best be given and what institutions can best use any given sum. But the important thing is that corporations like those represented in today's oil industry have come to accept much responsibility for the support of higher education that was once the sole concern of individuals.

The United States has been developed by numberless constructive forces. The oil industry, which today supplies more than two-thirds of the energy used in this country, is one, and of course it owes much to many other industries. The significant thing is that so very many industries have grown in response to the opportunity which our country has offered freely to men and women.

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The Last of the Snopeses

By Granville Hicks

IN A brief introductory note William Faulkner describes **"The Mansion"** (Random House, $4.75) as "the final chapter of, and the summation of, a work conceived and begun in 1925." The Snopeses, then, have been on his mind and in his imagination for a long time. He introduced them to the public in the first of his Yoknapatawpha novels, "Sartoris," published in 1929, as "a seemingly inexhaustible family which for the last ten years had been moving into town in driblets from a small settlement known as Frenchman's Bend." There were allusions to members of the family in the novels that followed—"The Sound and the Fury," "As I Lay Dying," and "Sanctuary"—and in the next few years he wrote several short stories about this Snopes or that. In 1940, he published a Snopes novel, "The Hamlet," some parts of which were based on earlier stories.

Faulkner told Malcolm Cowley, when the latter was editing "The Portable Faulkner," that he intended to write a Snopes trilogy, but the second volume waited until 1957. "The Town," as expected, described Flem Snopes's rise to wealth and eminence in Jefferson, but it turned out to have other themes as well. Flem's wife, Eula, who figured in "The Hamlet" as a kind of fertility or earth goddess (Robert Penn Warren's description) was the novel's dominant character. And Gavin Stevens, who had once played the role of amateur detective in a series of stories and had been prominent in "Intruder in the Dust" and "Requiem for a Nun," turned up as one of Eula's worshipers.

"The Mansion," as the title suggests, portrays Flem at the pinnacle of prestige and respectability, but he is given even less attention than he was in "The Town." A cousin, Mink Snopes, is the central character, and only slightly less important is Linda, Eula's daughter and, legally but not otherwise, Flem's. There are also, as in "The Town," episodes that stand by themselves, that belong to the Snopes legend but are not essential to the two major themes.

The novel begins with Mink Snopes's murder of Jack Houston in 1908. Faulkner described this murder first in a story, "The Hound," published in 1931, which, considerably changed, became part of "The Hamlet." Now he presents in more detail and from Mink's point of view the events leading up to the shooting. He goes on to tell of Mink's determination to avenge himself on Flem, who he feels has betrayed him, a determination that does not abate during Mink's thirty-eight years in prison. Released at last, he does what he has resolved to do.

Meanwhile we have the story of Linda Snopes. As in "The Town," there are three voices telling the story: there is V. K. Ratliff, who from the outset (though at first he was named Suratt) has been a fascinated observer and now and then a victim of Snopesism; there is Gavin Stevens, who is also an observer but, because of his involvment with both Eula and Linda, more than that; and there is Gavin's nephew, Charles Mallison, the courageous youngster of "Intruder in the Dust," who has acquired his uncle's manner of speaking, as well as his curiosity. The story tells of Linda's marriage, of her husband's death in the Spanish Civil War, of her return to Jefferson, of her prolonged and complicated relationship with Gavin, and of her life with Flem.

Like the story of Eula and Gavin in "The Town," the story of Linda and Gavin is enigmatic and less than satisfactory. On the other hand, Mink's story is magnificent. He is one of Faulkner's driven men—like Thomas Sutpen in "Absalom, Absalom!," like the horse thief in "A Fable," like many another Faulkner character. He labors fantastically to outwit Jack Houston, and when Houston gets the better of him, he is ineluctably committed to murder. Again there are vast labors to be performed, and again he performs them. Fate, indeed, always imposes upon him a greater burden than he had reason to expect, though what he has expected is more than most men could bear. Thus his stay in prison is lengthened, by a trick of Flem's devising, to thirty-eight years, but his resolution is equal even to this ordeal. It is also equal to all the frustrations and bafflements that beset his search for the instrument of his vengeance against Flem. An ugly little man, bestial in appearance and manner, he is heroic in his pursuit of his evil ends.

The incidental episodes enrich the novel. In one of them, which was published as a short story a few years ago, Ratliff manages to end the political career of one member of the Snopes clan, Senator Clarence Snopes. In another, Faulkner juxtaposes the two meanest men he has created: Flem Snopes and Jason Compson, whom we last encountered in "The Sound and the Fury" three decades ago. Although both men are inspired by "their mutual master, the Devil," Flem is the better disciple or at any rate the easy victor. Faulkner still relishes a contest of wits as much as he did when he wrote "The Hamlet," and both of these episodes have the vitality of the traditional tall tale of the early nineteenth century.

Flem's triumph over Jason Compson is but one of a long series of successes that makes up his career as it is portrayed in the trilogy, but that career ends in defeat and despair. For Flem acquiesces in his murder by Mink; Stevens and Ratliff have no doubt about that, although they can only speculate concerning his motives. Mink, indeed, for all his resolution, turns out to be merely an instrument—Linda's but also Flem's. Flem, who in "The Hamlet" quite literally beat the devil, no longer has anything to live for.

THAT the trilogy ends on this particular note invites us to re-examine Faulkner's conception of the Snopeses. In an article he wrote for the *Kenyon Review* in 1939, George Marion O'Donnell, one of the first critics to look for a pattern in Faulkner's work, emphasized the contrast between the decaying aristocrats and the aggressively upsurging poor whites, and suggested that Faulkner saw the struggle as one in which evil was triumphing over good. Even at the time when it was put forth, this thesis seemed a simplification, for in some of his works—for instance, "As I Lay Dying"—Faulkner had treated poor whites with great sympathy. Then in "The Hamlet" he indicated that there were good Snopeses as well as bad, and this was made even more obvious in "The Town." Now, in "The Mansion" he invites us to look with tolerance on two of the worst of the Snopeses: Mink is as dangerous as a rattlesnake, but his powers of endurance demand our admiration; Flem to the end is as innocent of scruples as a hyena, but ultimately we see that he is pitiful.

It has to be said clearly that "The Mansion" is not one of Faulkner's great novels. Faulkner's literary life divides sharply into two parts. Between 1929, when he published "The Sound and the Fury" as well as "Sartoris," and 1942, when he published "Go Down, Moses," he wrote at least six books for which greatness can be claimed. His second period began in 1948 with "Intruder in the Dust," and it includes "A Fable" in addition to "The Town" and "The Mansion." Because the novels of this period do not measure up to the stand-

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ard Faulkner himself had set, it is hard not to underestimate them. We have to remind ourselves that they contain, all of them, passages that are absolutely first-rate: some of the Mink episodes in "The Mansion," for example, are as good as anything Faulkner has ever done. Moreover, there is not a page in any of them that lacks the characteristic Faulknerian touch. They are very good indeed. But one feels in them strength of will and mastery of technique rather than the irresistible creative power that surged forth so miraculously in the earlier work.

Faulkner has become more self-conscious in this second period, and he is now troubled about consistency as he wasn't in the old days. "There will be found discrepancies and contradiction in the thirty-four-year progress of this particular chronicle," he says in his introduction; "the purpose of this note is simply to notify the reader that the author has already found more discrepancies and contradictions than he hopes the reader will." "The Mansion" itself, like "The Town," is free from inconsistencies: the chronology and the relationships of the characters have been carefully worked out. But there are many details that cannot be squared with those in other books. (Gavin Stevens must have half a dozen birth dates.)

Consistency is a good thing, but it happens in this instance to be further evidence of the decline of spontaneity. At the beginning Faulkner spun the Yoknapatawpha saga out of his imagination, and it had a marvelous wholeness that was unspoiled by the discrepancies, even though these were more numerous than the critics have recognized. Now he is consciously fabricating and reshaping it, and much of the magic has gone out of the process.

Faulkner had what (giving up the attempt to define it more closely) we call genius. It is what Herman Melville had when he wrote "Moby Dick" and rarely manifested thereafter. We know that genius seldom lasts, but we are always saddened when it goes.

On the other hand, if something has been lost, something has been gained. In his note Faulkner says that "the author has learned, he believes, more about the human heart and its dilemma than he knew thirty-four years ago." Indeed he has. He has learned, for one thing, to respect deeply the human capacity for sheer endurance. He has also acquired compassion. "People just do the best they can," says Gavin at the end of the book. "The pore sons of bitches," Ratliff replies. And Gavin echoes him: "The poor sons of bitches." It is what we say too. The Snopeses, it turns out, are not personifications of greed or anything of the sort; they are poor sons of bitches like the rest of us.

William Faulkner—"If something has been lost, something has been gained."

From Yoknapatawpha to UNESCO, the Dream

On October 2, 1959, in Denver, Colo., William Faulkner addressed the Seventh National Conference of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO. The text of his speech follows:

IT IS NOT the part, nor is there any need for any of us Americans, South, middle, or North, to welcome one another to our country, any more than to welcome each other into the humanity of man. The fact that we are here at this moment, have come all our various distances, at trouble and sacrifice and expense, to be here at this moment is proof that we have served our apprenticeship to the human spirit and are now full and veteran members in the humanity of man.

That is, we have gathered here from our arduous distances because we believe that "I, Me" is more important than any government or language. We are descendants of people who in the old hemisphere believed that to be possible, and burst the old bonds into a new hemisphere where that belief could be tested. There are times, too many times, when we have failed in that dream. But out of every failure there arises always a new handful who decline to be convinced by failure, who believe still that the human problems can be solved. As we have met here today, not in the name of races or ideologies, but of humanity, the spirit of man, to try again. We will fail again perhaps, but at least we have learned that that failure will not be important either. That failure will not even have laurels to rest on, since out of that failure also will rise its handful, still irreconcilable and undismayed.

Mr. Khrushchev says that Communism, the police state, will bury the free ones. He is a smart gentleman, he knows that this is nonsense since freedom, man's dim concept of and belief in the human spirit is the cause of all his troubles in his own country. But if he means that Communism will bury capitalism, he is correct. That funeral will occur about ten minutes after the police bury gambling. Because simple man, the human race, will bury both of them. That will be when we have expended the last grain, dram, and iota of our natural resources. But man himself will not be in that grave. The last sound on the worthless earth will be two human beings trying to launch a homemade spaceship and already quarreling about where they are going next.

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FICTION

Puppets Perform Sorrow and Hate

"Face of My Assassin," by Jan Huckins and Carolyn Weston *(Random House. 498 pp. $4.95), and* ***"The White Band," by Carter Brooke Jones*** *(Funk & Wagnalls. 334 pp. $4.50), explore the new and controversial area of racial desegregation in the South. Dan Wakefield is the author of "Island in the City."*

By Dan Wakefield

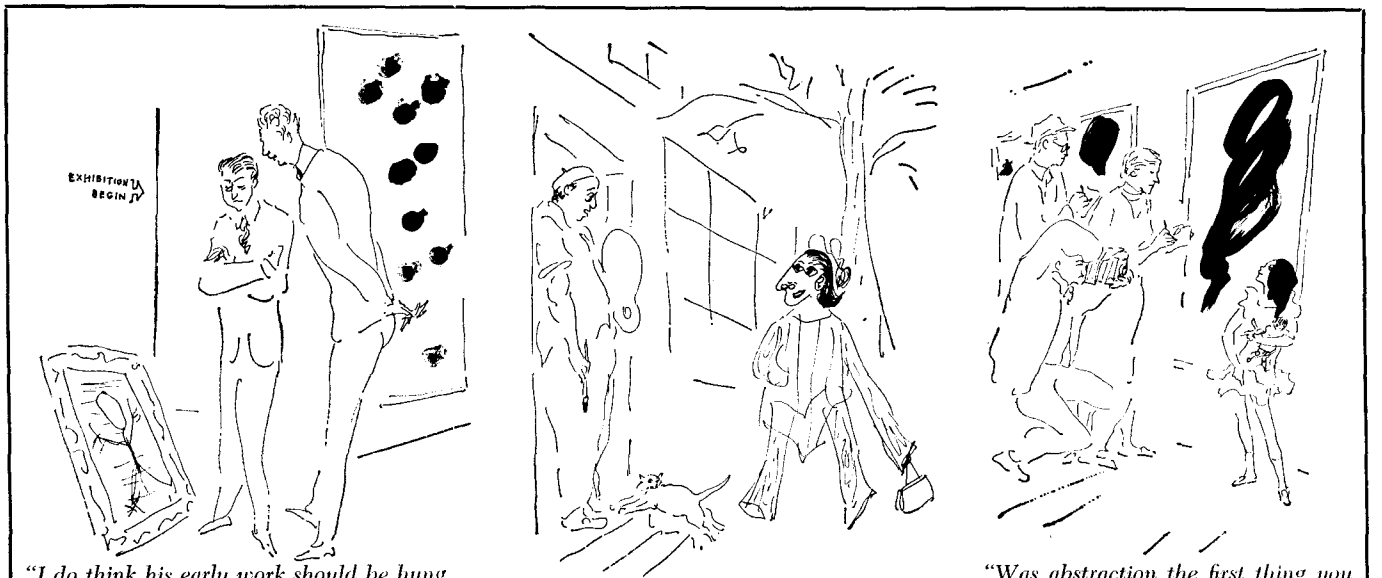
JUST AS there are many novels written, and still to be written, about the Second World War, the pains of adolescence, the conquest of the West, and life in the slums, there will doubtless be a growing body of novels on the newest of the great American experiences of conflict—racial desegregation. Since the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the public schools, the basic plot, the atmosphere, the background, the rivals in battle and, potentially, the tragedy, are all there, in any Southern community.

In some ways, however, a subject so full of obvious dramatic elements is a handicap to the author. For one thing, the rich potential of the material puts great demands on him to match it with his own skill. There is also the demand, inherent in this essentially moral issue, that the author deal with it in as brutally honest a manner (brutally honest to himself) as his talent and courage permit. He cannot play tricks, or take it easy.

Two new novels have tackled this complex theme—"The White Band," by Carter Brooke Jones, and "Face of My Assassin," by Jan Huckins and Carolyn Weston. The novels are quite different in style and emphasis, yet they have a remarkable number of similarities, for both have tossed in most of the staples of the desegregation situation, including the stock characters. Each novel has the "smart Negro" and the "scared Negro," the wealthy white man who sees reward and honor in "upholding the old way of life," and the poor white who sees a chance to exercise his sadistic hatred in "keeping 'em in their place." The extent to which these roles have already become stereotyped can be glimpsed in the fact that in both novels the wife of the wealthy white segregationist is a Tennessee Williams-type female with a severe alcoholic problem. Many of the characters, in fact, could walk in and out of either book and not be out of place. They are all "taken from life," but in the process they have died as human individuals and become the wooden puppets of a plot. Sometimes they engross and entertain us, for their show is a compelling one and they perform it well—but it is only a show and its actors have sawdust hearts.

Mr. Jones's novel chronicles the rise of a segregationist organization named the "White Band," which seems to be a kind of White Citizens Council with masks. The inevitable tragedy—the murder of an integrationist Negro lawyer by a brutal group within the professedly nonviolent Band — is triggered by an "outsider." The intruder is a stock "Commie-front" man who comes to town to stir up trouble. (You can recognize the Commie-front man in current literature because he always wears baggy tweed suits and spills cigarette ashes on his shirt.) It is also an outsider —a hard-drinking Northern newspaperman—who gets trouble started in "Face of My Assassin," which is written in smooth, expert style, but has a plot that outdoes Faulkner in imagination and outdoes Our Gal Sunday in snatching last-minute happiness out of the fire for the hero and heroine.

So far, no novel has equaled the dramatic impact of the true stories of desegregation. For instance, at the end of "Face of My Assassin" a little Negro boy steps up to the teacher and says, "This heah's our roll book, ma'am." It might have been a touching moment, but all I could think of was the real incident that occurred in a small town in Kentucky when a Negro child told his mother he wanted to go to the white school, and she answered, "James, if you got the guts to go, I got the guts to take you." The facts of this new subject still transcend the fiction.



"I do think his early work should be hung . . . to show that he started with the classical figure."

"Can you use a model? . . . semi-abstract?"

"Was abstraction the first thing you did, Lolita?" "Yes, the first thing."

LE NEW ART: In his new book, "But What Do You Need Me For?" (Putnam, $3.50), Marcel Vertes, painter and illustrator, lampoons critics, art dealers, and the goggle-eyed public who have fallen under the spell of abstract expressionism. Says one abstractionist, in George Axelrod's hilarious introduction, "Too long has Art been Stifled! The jealously guarded property of a dangerous minority group—The Talented! Abstraction is for Everyone!"

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BELLE OF BATON ROUGE: Wirt Williams was a political journalist in Louisiana before taking to novel writing; and having contemplated the recent farcically melancholy events in that state, he appears to have set himself to figure out what new dismalness might possibly be in store for its luckless inhabitants. The result of this speculation is **"Ada Dallas"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.75), the tale of a part-time call girl who becomes Governor of Louisiana, *c.*1963-67. But once he has thought of the possibility of disguising Huey Long as Eva Perón, Mr. Williams's inspiration flags, and we are left with a moderately entertaining but strictly formula working-out of her destiny, right up to the obligatory bloody finale in the capitol tower at Baton Rouge. We are presented with the journalist who loves her and who feels dimly responsible for her going wrong; a stormtrooper State Police commandant who falls fatally (for a number of people) under her spell; a political mastermind, first her mentor, then her adversary; and other predictable people and situations.

There is no reason why even such elements have to result in an unsuccessful book, but that's the way it emerges. "Ada Dallas" is meant as a thoughtful novel, to judge by its manner and the publisher's copy (". . . serious, philosophical fiction. . ."); but you cannot take seriously a novel about politics that is written on the "personal" level of a soap opera. People do, indeed, go into politics for motives as base as Ada's (revenge against snobbish New Orleans society) and, so motivated, do achieve eminence; but the motives are never so unmixed, the concern with self and the ignorance of the problems and mechanics of governing never so complete as here. What might have been an interesting fantasy winds up as a humorless study of another modern Messalina of the kind long popular on the lending-library shelves.

Since Mr. Williams has written one very good book, "The Enemy," and one fairly good one, "Love in a Windy Space," we may hope that "Ada Dallas" is only a rough spot in an otherwise distinguished career.

—D. R. Bensen.

CAMPUS CAPER: Allan Hazard, the hero of Douglas Angus's novel, **"The Ivy Trap"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95), is an associate professor of English at a large American university. At forty-seven, he is still a handsome man. He is peacefully married to Margaret, much younger than he, and a warm, witty, understanding wife. They have two intelligent, loving children. Professor Hazard is a front-line contender for the full professorship in the English Department and is currently the talk of the campus because his newest book has made the front page of the Sunday *Times* book-review section. What more could a man ask for?

Yet Allan Hazard is a man possessed. He is trapped by his own incurable romanticism. He finds youth intoxicating because its unknown loveliness is ". . . unfulfilled, a promise . . . forbidden." This fatal attraction leads him away from Margaret and to his own destruction.

One of Hazard's most promising writing students, Laurel Browne, is an exquisite blonde, who finds him as compelling as he finds her breathtaking; the result: a campus love affair. Though many of the descriptive details of a campus affair are clichés (the meetings in the library stacks, the clandestine rendezvous at a tiny restaurant with the inevitable red-checkered tablecloths), the author describes their love with freshness and poignance. Allan realizes from the beginning that nothing but unhappiness can result from their relationship, yet he is drawn on by his own overwhelming fascination for a youthful lover. Like a man pursued by morality's furies, he is, in rapid succession, discovered, abandoned by his wife and children, forced to resign his recently acquired full professorship, and made to sit in on a committee meeting that reviews the complete emotional breakdown and moral degradation of Laurel.

Mr. Angus writes of the campus and its denizens with precision, perspective, and wit. His faculty-club discussions are laced with highly literate dialogue and his gentle spoofing of an academic cocktail party, complete with husband-and-wife poetry reading, is amiably satiric. While most of the characters are portrayed with insight and understanding, it is Allan Hazard who misses the mark. Why the fatal weakness, the drive for self-destruction? Except for a brief reference to an unrequited high-school love, there are only veiled hints of lost youth and romance. Surely, these are not grounds for a learned professor, happy and prospering, to plunge into an affair that he knows will destroy him. Because Allan Hazard is incompletely realized, he never evokes our deep feelings. Instead, we watch his decline and fall with an aloof fascination.

—Mary Sullivan Simons.

Criminal Record

THE SAPPHIRE CONFERENCE. *By Peter Graaf. Washburn.* $2.95. Faculty of English university takes quite a beating when killer goes into action; Superintendent Hebden (old grad) and Yank Peeper Joe Dust ("guesses" extensively) team effectively. Unlikely but likable.

BLIND MAN'S MARK. *By Bruce Palmer. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Young French student, infatuated with too-willing English girl, grows morbidly jealous, inflicts final punishment; psychological novel shows seamier side of Riviera life. Conversation overabundant.

THE PIPE DREAM. *By Julian Symons. Harper.* $2.95. Ex-jailbird in pickle when London television show backfires; amorous socialite provides balm; defenestration adds jarring note; population huge. Not his best.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BY JOVE

Listed on the left are a dozen of the many sons and daughters of Jupiter. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to match them with their mixed-up mothers on the right. The hand that rocked each mythological cradle is discovered on page 46.

1 Bacchus	( ) Alcmena
2. Diana	( ) Ceres
3. Euphrosyne	( ) Danaë
4. Hercules	( ) Dione
5. Mercury	( ) Europa
6. Perseus	( ) Eurynome
7. Pollux	( ) Juno
8. Proserpine	( ) Latona
9. Rhadamanthus	( ) Leda
10. Thalia	( ) Maia
11. Venus	( ) Mnemosyne
12. Vulcan	( ) Semele

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Telescoping Our Next Ten Years

"The Coming Political Breakthrough," by Chester Bowles *(Harper. 209 pp. $3.75), tackles both domestic and foreign policy in terms of a shrinking world. The director of the Washington Bureau of* Newsweek, *Ernest K. Lindley has been a writer on national and international political affairs for more than thirty-five years. He has covered every national campaign since 1924.*

By Ernest K. Lindley

THIS is an American course of action for the 1960s, charted by one of the most thoughtful and expressive men in our national public life, Chester Bowles. It is practical political discussion and advocacy of the highest order: comprehensive and coordinated, inspirational yet concrete, no more than mildly partisan, stimulating throughout. One must share Adlai Stevenson's probably vain hope "that the depth and scope of our political dialogue in 1960 will measure up to the standards . . . which this book suggests are now clearly essential."

As always, at least since his experience as Ambassador to India, Mr. Bowles thinks within the framework of a shrinking world and the epochal changes sweeping over it: the emergence from colonialism of the peoples of Asia and Africa, the rise of the Soviet Union as a great power, the Communist organization of China, the invention of catastrophic superweapons. These, he believes, are compelling us to move into a fourth period of "political creativeness," leading to a fourth "national consensus." (The first, as he sees it, began with Jefferson, the second with Lincoln, the third with Franklin D. Roosevelt.) When Mr. Bowles advanced this theme in 1956 in "American Politics in a Revolutionary World," he sketched the approaching consensus chiefly in terms of foreign policy and, I thought, hazily, wishfully, and without a clear eye for the actualities of American politics. Now, he sets forth a program that is definite, in the main politically realistic, and he comes to grips with domestic as well as foreign policy.

—*Wide World.*

Ambassador Bowles takes part in road-building ceremonies north of Delhi in 1952—thinks within the framework of a shrinking world and epochal changes sweeping over it.

Mr. Bowles thoroughly disagrees with what he calls the "restrictive" economic policies of the Eisenhower Administration. He holds that it is feasible, and essential, to expand our gross national product by at least 5 per cent annually, and to sustain such growth without periodic recessions and inflation. He does not completely explain how this is to be accomplished, although he obviously relies partly on increased Federal expenditures. This and his talk of a "rollback" of prices will alarm the orthodox. But even they may find comfort in his emphatic rejection of the argument that, if we are to have full employment, a little inflation is inevitable and not very harmful. He rejects also the thesis, adopted by some Democratic liberals since Kenneth Galbraith's "The Affluent Society," that American quantitative needs have been largely satisfied. He sees these needs as still vast, although he agrees that more attention should be paid also to qualitative improvements in American life.

His partial catalogue of urgently necessary improvements include education, cultural facilities, urban renewal, housing, transportation, medical care, and social welfare. He would promote all with Federal funds. He does not overlook the farm problem. Among his proposals is the allocation of up to one-half of our surplus grains to "food banks" located in areas of the world in which people are living close to the hunger line. His treatment of labor problems is brief and rather tender toward the unions—which is not uncommon among Northern urban Democrats. But he is against wage increases in excess of increased productivity and points to the need for public representation in important wage negotiations.

Mr. Bowles's proposals for dealing with the Soviet Union correspond closely with what the Eisenhower Administration is now doing. However, like Dean Acheson, he thinks we should expand our conventional armaments while maintaining our thermonuclear deterrent until we can get controlled disarmament with adequate inspection. He is critical of our policy, past and present, toward Red China but does not forthrightly set forth an alternative. He is clear and eloquent about economic and technical aid to the underdeveloped nations of the world, but not quite so emphatic about the other essential to their survival and progress

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—protection against aggression. Mr. Bowles has much to say about NATO but nothing about SEATO, CENTO, and our bilateral mutual-security pacts which safeguard most of free Asia. The author's approach to this problem may still be colored by his old association with Nehru, who opposed defensive alliances. Nehru continues formally to oppose them, but their value has come to be more widely appreciated among Asian neutralists, thanks to Tibet, the incursions along the Indian border, and other recent Chinese Communist actions.

Mr. Bowles expresses the conviction that "1960 may be the decisive election of our century." He acknowledges that there is "nothing novel" about calling an impending election the most important ever held. But, as he sees it, we are approaching a deadline:

> If our two parties again fail to come to grips with the enormous questions now crowding upon us, the likelihood of another national resurgence will fade. Indeed, a wrong course of action or continued confusion in the next four years can lead straight to a general calamity.

It would be hard for any realistic observer of the world scene to disagree with this.

Mr. Bowles sees the Democratic Party as better fitted than the Republican to cope with the great challenges of 1960. But he is not sharply partisan. He asserts — correctly I think — that the ten leading Presidential candidates of both parties would agree on most of the objectives he sets forth. He has set an excellent example in coming "to grips with the enormous questions now crowding upon us."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 856

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 856 will be found in the next issue.

P SPANKETY GB

BKCTLSGAN LK KXXHRM

P STPF LSPL DPBA'L

HBTF LST AGNSL

OTZKYT.

—PYXPFGP ATDB - WTPFTY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 855

Why be disagreeable, when with a little effort you can be impossible?

—Douglas Woodruff.

We the People Are Responsible

***"America, the Vincible," by Emmet John Hughes** (Doubleday. 312 pp. $3.95), charging this nation with being essentially self-centered, warns us of the consequences. A frequent contributor to these pages, Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

WRITTEN by one who in the past has been closely identified with the Eisenhower Administration, "America, The Vincible" is a vastly important book. Deeply conscious of the fact that "our nation lives under no benign dispensation from such tragedy as has tormented and broken empires of past ages," Emmet Hughes has felt impelled to sound a vibrant note of warning. For the circumstances of this half century expose us to dangers the nature and magnitude of which, in his view, we seem only dimly to apprehend. And the manner in which we continue to behave in the face of an unprecedented threat not only to our nation, but to the basic values of Western civilization fills the author with misgiving.

In a considerable measure, this book is a devastating arraignment of our foreign policy as conducted during the past decade. But while Mr. Hughes is highly critical of a diplomacy which he feels has been static, unimaginative, and ill-suited to achieve the objectives of a purposeful policy, his indictment is directed not primarily at individuals, but rather at all of us:

> We have neglected to remember the precepts that presided at our birth as a nation in the eighteenth century. We have failed to discover the principles that permit survival in the twentieth century. We are, for all our professions of generous intent, essentially self-centered and self-indulgent. We preach many a political virtue while we practise its corruption. . . .

A charge so devastating in its nature will only be accepted as valid if amply supported by evidence, and this Mr. Hughes supplies in abundance. He does far more than this. He proceeds to show how, by the abuse of the idiom and by the cultivation of illusions, we have contrived to undermine the true function of the democratic dialogue. As "quite obviously, conduct of the democratic State depends upon the sense and the courage of the People to whose destiny it is wed," government can only fitfully discharge its obligation to develop effective national policies in an atmosphere in which words have lost their precise meaning, in which illusion has become the agreeable substitute for reality. And this is particularly true in the field of foreign affairs. Mr. Hughes furnishes many examples to illustrate the confusion in which the dialogue proceeds today, and he underscores the magnitude of the contribution government itself has made to this confusion.

THERE is much cogency in the author's detailed examination of "words that impoverish thought." But when in this connection he discusses "leadership," his analysis seems somewhat less than convincing. For it might be argued that it is not the meaning of the word that has been debased, but rather the exercise of the function it denotes. It has always been true that in a democracy such as ours the role of the President in informing and marshaling public opinion is of great importance. Today, when many of the problems confronting the nation are so infinitely complex that the average citizen can only rarely be in possession of all the facts on which sound judgment must be based, this role has assumed a new and even more vital significance than heretofore.

If public opinion is to be enlisted in support of well-conceived and long-range policies, it is imperative that Washington make a continuing and active contribution to the dispelling rather than to the cultivation of illusions.

But if for reasons that can easily be imagined Mr. Hughes has failed to give "leadership" the treatment it deserves, this is at most a minor blemish in a penetrating and in many ways an alarming dissertation. For he projects the struggle between the Soviet Union and our world against the background of "the Revolution of the Times." He argues that in this "Age of Explosion" Communism makes an appeal to the less developed countries which can be countered, if at all, only by the most enlightened effort on our part. And our

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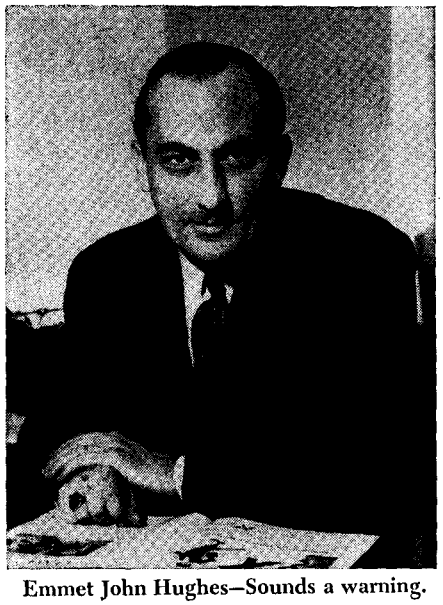
difficulties are enormously increased by the centralization of power and the unity of purpose within the sphere of Communist domination, which find no equivalent in the coalitions of the Western world.

It is a matter of urgent necessity that unity of purpose buttressed by unity of action should be achieved by those opposed to the objectives of the Soviet Union. Mr. Hughes does not minimize the handicaps which our democratic ways impose on the attainment of such an end. It is clear that he would approve of the exchange of visits between Eisenhower and Khrushchev, for he feels the channels of communication and negotiation should be kept open by every appropriate means. But if this or subsequent encounters are to prove fruitful, he would seek a far more basic and fundamental agreement between the Western allies than at present seems to exist. He would be hopeful that under courageous and imaginative American leadership this could be accomplished.

In a brief review it is impossible to do full justice to this thoughtful and highly provocative book. In a sense it echoes and amplifies words of Judge Learned Hand in an address delivered in October, 1952:

> Our nation is embarked upon a venture, as yet unproved; we have set our hopes upon a community in which men shall be given unchecked control of their own lives. That community is in peril; it is invaded from within, it is threatened from wthout; it faces a test which it may fail to pass. The choice is ours whether, when we hear the pipes of Pan, we shall stampede like a frightened flock, forgetting all those professions on which we have claimed to rest our policy.



Emmet John Hughes—Sounds a warning.

Life of a Lovable Headache

***"La Guardia: A Fighter Against His Times, 1882-1933," by Arthur Mann** (Lippincott. 384 pp. $6), shows the "Little Flower" in his first bloom as a politician. Warren Moscow, who is a former political reporter for "The New York Times," is currently executive assistant to Mayor Robert Wagner. He is the author of "Politics in the Empire State."*

By Warren Moscow

ARTHUR MANN's book is the extremely discerning story of a man who was an isolated, yet major force in American politics and government decades before he achieved his power and position as mayor of New York. The first of two volumes, the study covers the pre-mayoral La Guardia. If the second volume maintains the pace and perception of the first, we will at last have the definitive work on the "Little Flower."

Only fourteen years ago Fiorello left City Hall an embittered and infirm man who had nevertheless just contributed twelve years of the city's most exciting government. We tend to forget that it was forty years ago when he first took advantage of temporary Democratic infirmities to get himself elected president of the Board of Aldermen—and that it was fifty-five years ago that, as a twenty-two-year-old, bouncing butterball, he was raising as much hell with the Austro-Hungarian Empire, as American consular agent in Fiume, as he later did with many another established and entrenched respectability.

Arthur Mann, delving into background to find out what made him tick in politics, decides that La Guardia was successful because he was the "marginal man." It adds up to his having touched so many bases that he knew the sand content of each. To quote Mann:

> Ancestry and history had already established his marginality. He was a part of, yet apart from, the mass of Italian immigrants then beginning to arrive in America on whom he would build a political career beginning in the 1910s.
>
> They were predominantly peasants; his background was bourgeois. They were purely Italian; his origins were Austrian as well as Italian. They were mostly Catholics; he would attend a Protestant Sunday school knowing that his mother was Jewish and his father an agnostic ex-Catholic. For years to come, the Italo-American colony would be foreign-born; he would lead it as a native American bridging the cultures of the New and Old World.

La Guardia was a first-class consular agent abroad, and a headache to every superior, as he was when an interpreter at Ellis Island. To many he was the best of American Congressmen, applying what he had learned of immigrant and lower-class problems to satisfying them in the District of Columbia. He accepted the Tammany nomination in one election to insure defeating the Socialists, and ran equally successfully on the Socialist ticket six years later.

Implicit throughout the book is the recognition that a politician can legitimately be for his people and the people can legitimately be for their politician, but there is no decision as to which comes first, the chicken or the egg. And Mann never ignores La Guardia's acts to please his constituency, whether large or small. He assumed leadership in the developing fight of the Italo-American for political recognition and respectability. He courted equally every other recognizable ethnic group, even the Irish by adopting the cause of Irish freedom. He was at home with the people, no matter what ticket he ran on, or language he campaigned in.

Mann gives to those who have forgotten a fine picture of the divided America of the Twenties, in which La Guardia thrived—an America torn between reform and entrenched power, church influence and growing prurience, political dryness and the omnipresent bootlegger, Babbittry and America's cultural and literary awakening.

No book on La Guardia can be all-encompassing, even when it comes to anecdotes. There are far too many about La Guardia, the friend, the Congressman, the political bazooka. But even on these Mann does well. Most impressive is the way he lays the background for the relationship with Marcantonio, which might otherwise be in-

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—From the book.

LaGuardia during campaign—"to many he was the best of American Congressmen."

explicable for those who regarded Fiorello as the strongest enemy of political machines.

Still, it is in dealing with the La Guardia attitude toward the machines that the Mann series could go astray. He pictures Fiorello as hating machines, hating Tammany. Actually Tammany to him was a whipping boy, which he would hate when convenient, but not always. He owed too much to the Tammany men who, out of either amusement or friendship, had given him what he asked of them on Election Day, a "fair count," whether he was running for Congress on the Lower East Side, or in Harlem. And a Tammany colleague from his days in Congress could have the key to City Hall.

Having been a respectful Republican, even to the point of sticking with Taft against Theodore Roosevelt, his split with the Republican Old Guard in New York came only when they curtailed the operations of the direct primary law. This, to a man whose political life depended on mass support, was a personal threat and insult. His most violent reactions were always against anything which could undermine him in his role as spokesman for the people. Mann gives all the facts on this, and the conclusions he sometimes leaves to the reader. The approach is consistently sympathetic.

If it falls short of perfection, his is still the best book written about La Guardia, and a sourcebook for anyone else who attempts the difficult task of doing a better one. For the thousands who knew La Guardia intimately, this volume is required reading. For anyone else interested in American and world affairs in and since the days of Bob LaFollette, Kaiser Wilhelm, and George V, it is most strongly recommended.

A Seasoned Look at the Soviet

"Peace with Russia?," by Averell Harriman *(Simon & Schuster. 174 pp. $3, hardbound. $1, paperback), sifts three decades' observation of the Soviet Union for signposts to guide our future course of action. Daniel Schorr, East European correspondent of CBS News with headquarters in Warsaw, was stationed for more than two years in Moscow.*

By Daniel Schorr

W. AVERELL HARRIMAN, more qualified than most to write a book on Russia, has finally written one. His perspective spans more than thirty years. (The note on the author speaks of a visit to Siberia with his father in 1899, but Mr. Harriman himself recounts that this was limited to a brief landing on the Siberian coast while on a visit to Alaska, and that little more seems to have happened than being "warmly greeted by some Siberian Eskimos.") As a businessman he saw the Soviet Union in 1926. As special negotiator and Ambassador he had unparalleled opportunities for talks with Stalin and observations in Russia in the war years. As a high-echelon tourist he was able to update and compare impressions in a six-week trip last spring, during which he traveled 18,000 miles to some parts of Central Asia and Siberia hitherto inaccessible to Americans, and talked at length to Khrushchev and his associates.

A correspondent who has figuratively beat his head against Kremlin walls can only envy the opportunities that a diplomat and politician had. Yet this vantage point also has its disadvantages. Political convention requires that a book be climaxed with a call to "affirmative action," which, in this case, runs in language not startling in its originality:

Speed up our economic growth . . . Meet the challenge posed by Soviet advances in education . . . Vigorous and imaginative leadership to make the North Atlantic Treaty Organization . . . a united and productive community . . . Meet the challenge Khrushchev has posed in the underdeveloped countries . . . Ceaselessly probe every possible avenue of approach to agreements . . . Encourage the legitimate aspirations of the Soviet people . . .

Generalizations must also be drawn. The book jacket raises a series of sweeping questions, which Mr. Harriman answers roughly as follows:

"How far has Khrushchev swung Communist policy away from Stalin's goals?" Not very far.

"Is the old dream of a Communist world being abandoned?" Not by the

(*Continued on page 47*)

—*Wide World.*

Averell Harriman (second from right) says good-bye to his September 17th guest, Premier Khrushchev—"his book is perceptive, compact and well-organized."

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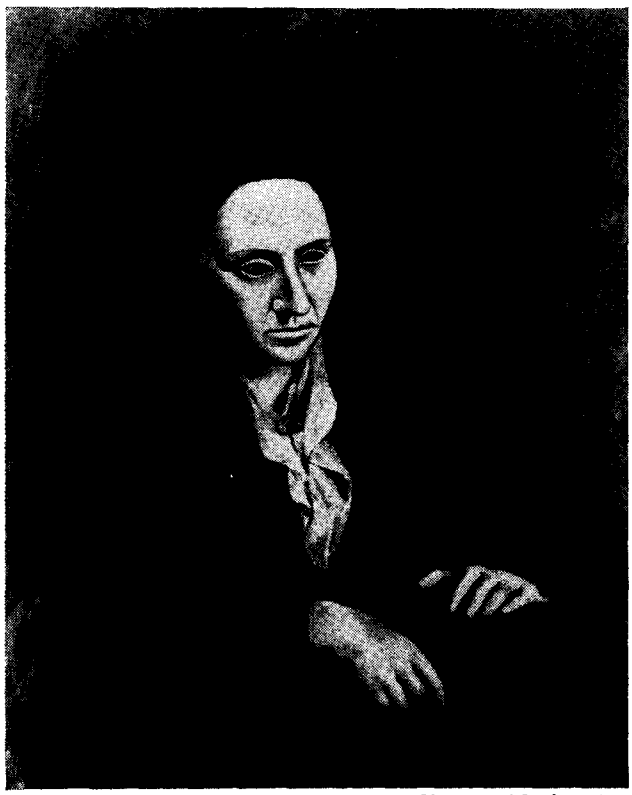
The Mother of Them All



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

Portrait of Gertrude Stein by Picasso, 1906.

"The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World," by John Malcolm Brinnin *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 427 pp. $6), scrutinizes an influential, and enigmatic, woman of letters, who held court at 27 Rue de Fleurus. Roger Shattuck of the University of Texas wrote about France's prewar epoch in "The Banquet Years."*

By Roger Shattuck

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN is a good poet with four volumes behind him. His earlier excursion into biography, "Dylan Thomas in America," was widely received as a piece of opportunist, egotistic gossip; instead, it is an example of how honesty of purpose can produce a misleading book, neither reportage nor homage. This time, however, Mr Brinnin makes no such mistake in timing and tone. Without sanctifying her and without stifling the controversy still swirling about her, "The Third Rose" establishes Gertrude Stein's reputation in terms that are available to any literate reader.

The acreage of her career, its sheer abundance in names and places and events, makes irresistible reading of the book's 400 packed pages. William James's incapacity to finish a novel; Picasso's ambitions as a poet; Alice Toklas's exotic wardrobe; Apollinaire's method of sobering up Marie Laurencin; Lord Berners's Rolls Royce with built-in piano and Hemingway's Paris baby carriage, and the friends and strangers who arrived every Saturday evening at the door of 27 Rue de Fleurus all belong to the world of Gertrude Stein.

Settling in France in 1903—not in rejection of America but because of natural affinity and economic advantage — Gertrude Stein was the first of our writers to assimilate the plastic revolution of the School of Paris between 1903 and 1914. She in turn influenced the writers belonging to what she herself unwittingly named the "lost generation." For, though her life hummed with the steady power of a transformer, her best works are far more than cross-cultural exercises.

BEFORE she took the United States by storm during her 1934 lecture tour, Gertrude Stein was a legend. She who would ultimately become the Mother of Us All was already the Great Stone Face, the California Jewess gone to fat and wearing sandals, blessed with a Johns Hopkins medical degree, a comfortable income, and a Model T in Paris. Her improbable figure and easy candor made her so much a master of press interviews that when she reached the West Coast Hollywood was jealous of her enormous publicity. The same confident forthrightness endeared her to audiences in Oxford and Cambridge and to soldiers in two global wars.

Mr. Brinnin steadily pursues the "integrity" of her life, from precocious talent to self-appointed genius to unexpected crisis. For, at the peak of her notoriety during the lecture tour, she suddenly lost sight of herself. By then everyone else knew who she was ("I am I because my little dog knows me") but she could no longer recognize herself behind the headlines. Publicity, she said, "prevents the process of civilization," because to her civilization was a matter of living. Only writing could retrieve her identity, as writing alone had won her independence from her brother Leo, who had filled the roles of father and mentor as well. In interpreting these crucial events, "The Third Rose" probes far beyond earlier biographies into the deep-seated contradictions which beget an artist's life.

MR. BRINNIN bases his running examination of Gertrude Stein's work upon two sound premises. The first is that after encountering very early the science of William James and the fiction of Henry James, her writing responded most decisively to the influence of Cézanne and the Cubist experiments. Thus, her "barbarism" is the very opposite of Symbolism (and of Joyce) in its reliance on dissociation, not association. The second premise is that the great dissociation to which she devoted her career was to liberate words from history and knowledge, from the hard shell of meaning. Her vast humor lies here.

Yet it is somewhat disconcerting to find that, despite the title of the book, Mr. Brinnin swallows without blinking Gertrude Stein's own explanation of the third term in her literary trademark, "a rose is a rose is a rose." Her dazzling impromptu remarks to a class in Chicago ended:

> In that line the rose is red for the first time in English poetry for a hundred years.

Hurrah for Gertie's passion! On the contrary, however, in that famous line a rose is not a rose at all but a round rolling sound without petals or thorns or color.

Mr. Brinnin marshals an enormous amount of information and interpretation with only minor overlaps and omissions, and few errors. (One major one: Gertrude Stein's article on Picasso in *Camera Work* came ten years too late to be "the first public appreciation of the painter to be published anywhere," as stated in the book.)

The author's unself-conscious fairness to the crisscross of personalities he presents and his sure response to "the marvelous meadows of her monotone" allow us to see the several ways in which Gertrude Stein was, in simplest terms, full of herself. It is no insult.

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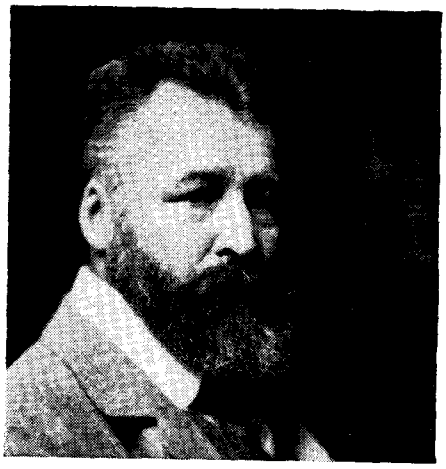
In Literature's Limbo

"John Jay Chapman: An American Mind," by Richard B. Hovey *(Columbia University Press. 391 pp. $6.50), reappraises the life, ideas, and importance of a forgotten American cultural and literary critic. Gay Wilson Allen, on leave from New York University, is writing a history of twentieth-century American literature with the assistance of a Guggenheim fellowship.*

By Gay Wilson Allen

IN 1924, at the age of sixty-two, John Jay Chapman reconciled himself to his failures with this assurance: "I am saying things which some day will be thought of, rather than trying to get the attention of anyone." He has certainly not had the attention of our literary historians, most of whom do not even mention him, although he anticipated the major ideas of the muckrakers of the early twentieth century, of Van Wyck Brooks in "America's Coming of Age," and much of the literary criticism of the 1920-40 decades.

This century has seen the rediscovery of several neglected American writers, and nearly everyone who has written about Chapman has hoped to add his name—and, more important, his writings—to the list. These efforts began in 1937, four years after Chapman's death, with M. A. DeWolfe Howe's excellent biography, and continued with Edmund Wilson's brilliant critical study in "The Triple Thinkers" and an enthusiastic essay by Jacques Barzun, who also recently edited a volume of "Selected Writings." Now Richard B. Hovey, after years of research, has added a well-written and detailed "mental biography," in which he sees Chapman as personifying "the critical spirit, so necessary—yet so unpopular—in a democracy."



John Jay Chapman—Psychological puzzle.

When Chapman is remembered at all, it is almost invariably as an eccentric. That he was an eccentric, to put it mildly, even Hovey admits. His notorious act in early manhood of deliberately burning his left hand so severely that it had to be amputated was not his only deviation from what society regards as sane conduct. But society is not likely to judge tolerantly or justly a man whose conscience made him a gadfly of the privileged class to which he belonged by inheritance and nurture; especially when he also possessed the intelligence and wit of a Voltaire. No critic of American culture and literature has been the master of a more vivid metaphor or pungent idiom than Chapman. Though unmistakably neurotic in his personal life—probably Diogenes was too—it was a clear mind that wrote the sparkling essays and at least several of his books.

Chapman saw his dream of democracy being destroyed by the commercialization of every phase of American society, resulting in "a low and perverted moral tone, an incapacity to think clearly, or to tell the truth even when we know it." In "Causes and Consequences," which Edmund Wilson has called "one of the most powerful tracts ever written on the debasement of our politics and government by unscrupulous business interests," he presented his social and political philosophy. Only "organic unselfishness," he said, could provide and maintain the highest welfare of the individual.

TO many people this will still seem so idealistic as to be impracticable, but Chapman pointed out that in a democratic political system "private selfishness, the bane and terror of all governments, is thrust brutally to the front and kept there . . ." Consequently, the success or failure of a democratic society depends upon the control of "private selfishness." But his own efforts to organize an independent, incorruptible, political party in New York were futile, and self-destructive.

As a literary critic Chapman was provocative rather than logical or judicial. Though Emerson was the greatest influence on his own philosophy of individualism, he saw Emerson's faults as clearly as any critic ever has. Even Chapman's erratic essay on Whitman, which Hovey does not defend, has some genuine insights. The essays on Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, Plato, Sophocles, and other great literary minds pulse with life, wit, and paradoxical truth. Richard B. Hovey's "mental biography" still leaves Chapman's life a fantastic psychological puzzle, but it should help to rescue him from the limbo of neglect.

Historically Human

"The Private Life of Mr. Pepys," by John Harold Wilson *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 249 pp. $4.75), is the hitherto unpublished account of the personal exploits of the seventeenth-century English diarist. Robert Halsband is the biographer of Lady Mary Montagu.*

By Robert Halsband

THE LIBRARY of Magdalene College, Cambridge, contains the shorthand diary kept by Pepys from 1660 to 1669 and carefully bequeathed by him (together with his books) to the college where he, a mere tailor's son, had been educated. In 1825 a small portion was published, carved from the complete transcription made by the Reverend John Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge. Successive editions added to it, until Wheatley's edition, in the 1890s; this claimed to be complete "with the exception of a few passages which cannot possibly be printed." And so from the very first page of the printed diary the reader is puzzled by recurring and mysterious triple dots.

How much of what was taboo then can be printed today? Certainly much more than the judicious Wheatley permitted. Such documents as Boswell's journals and William Byrd's diaries, which have been published without editorial suppression, have not noticeably debased public morality. And the fact that Pepys's suppressed entries about his scandalous behavior are usually written in a jargon of French, Spanish, Portugese, Latin, and English should mitigate to some extent the horror of seeing them in print.

To write about Pepys's private life without seeing the complete diary would be pointless; and Mr. Wilson has the great advantage of having been allowed to read the "Smith transcription." Apparently forbidden to quote from it, he has fully and wisely used its revelations to portray Pepys as an unmethodical sensualist—or, as he calls him, a reluctant libertine.

His attitude toward Pepys's amours is that they may seem ignoble to the fastidious, wicked to the prudish, petty to the libertine, but human to the historian. (Curiously enough, Pepys himself displays all these attitudes toward himself.) He was, Mr. Wilson believes, "a normal, reasonably healthy male animal, ruled, as all men are, by passions and appetites." In his lively narrative he not only tells of Pepys's lechery but explains it with subtlety, tact, and in-

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Peace Without Panic

SOMETHING is troubling the American people. It is unpleasant to think about and awkward to talk about. Even to raise the question can produce profound uneasiness. The question is whether we can afford peace. Lending grim reality to this question is this headline in a recent New York newspaper: "FEAR OF PEACE DEPRESSES MARKET."

Or the following prominent billing on the cover of a national weekly magazine: "WHAT PEACE WILL DO TO YOU."

No one in his right mind wants war. Yet more and more people seem to feel we need the threat of war. There is underlying fear that the national economy would come apart at the seams should real peace break out. The nation has been engaged for so long in the business of preparing for war that it has become part of our economic metabolism.

Even more significant than the economic adjustment has been the psychological adjustment. Somehow the notion has become general that we can never be prosperous unless we continue the present program. The notion becomes dangerous to the extent that it may rob us of an essential intensity in thirsting for peace or questing for peace. It is dangerous because it assumes that a course of action is without logical consequences. It is dangerous because it may cause us to be indifferent or mute if a genuine opportunity should develop to bring the means or the causes of war under control.

It will not suffice to dismiss the discussion on the grounds that national security demands continual and expanded arms development. The issue, to repeat, is this: Are we afraid of peace if we can have peace—the kind of peace that is consistent with national security? For if this is our underlying fear, we can mark it as certain that there will be no peace. Nor will the trend stop there. A moral failure is a galloping thing. We cannot expect that dependence on war equipment, even when circumstances permit the exploration of a different course, will be without a whole chain of destructive effects.

If we are in a position today—as we may now well be—to reduce and eliminate the dangers of nuclear war, then we should leap at the prospect even if we are convinced it would produce the worst depression this world has ever known. Indeed, only as we demonstrate our readiness to sacrifice for a just and workable peace do we qualify ourselves for the peace-building task.

THIS MUCH out of the way, we can consider the economic problem. There need be fear of economic collapse only if we are completely blind to the opportunity surrounding us. What is the thing we dread? We dread that the wheels of our factories will stop turning, the energy of our transistors be stilled, and the circulating power of the defense billions be cut off. We dread the cut-off because we know nothing to take its place. Are we so sure of this? If we have to spend sixty billions a year on an arms program to keep our economy afloat, we can spend at least that much on things we really need, some of which might even brighten up this planet for most of the people who live on it.

Let us announce to the world that as soon as the United Nations is fully capable of taking over the international security function we are prepared to embark on a ten-year program seeking the following objectives:

1. The manufacture of 100,000,000 prefabricated three-room homes, for shipment to and assembly in those countries, principally in Asia and Africa, in which homelessness is a major problem.

2. Our willingness to undertake the construction of community development projects for relocating the major refugee groups in the world, be they Arab, Pakistani, Indian, or whatever, so long as the necessary land is contributed by the respective governments.

3. Our readiness to undertake large-scale hydro-electric power projects, irrigation projects, road-building projects, health-center and hospital-building projects in other countries on the basis of long-term credits.

4. Our immediate readiness to use our agricultural surpluses to help meet the stark fact of hunger that now affects at least one-third of the world's peoples.

SO FAR as the United States itself is concerned, we can launch a program to build at least 25,000 new elementary and secondary schools; to build at least 500 new teachers' colleges; to provide new equipment or facilities for 1,500 colleges and universities; to build at least 10,000 miles of much-needed new Federal highways; to enlarge the plants and facilities of 25,000 hospitals; to carry out an air-decontamination program to get rid of poisons resulting from industrial gases, automobile fumes, and radioactive fallout; and to restore the eroded or eroding lands of the Midwest and West.

Such a program would easily take up the slack left by a substantial reduction in manufacture of weapons of mass destruction.

It will be argued, of course, that the country couldn't possibly afford to spend so much. The answer is that we are already spending that much. Then it will be argued that where our security is concerned there is no choice. The answer is that our security depends even more on creating the conditions of stability and progress in the world than on turning out weapons of absolute destruction.

In any case, the problem lies not in any laws of economic determinism, but in our values, our purposes, and our desire to come fully alive. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PURDY'S PURGE

GRANVILLE HICKS's nonreview of my novel "Malcolm" [SR, Sept. 26] seems to me typical of the *Saturday Review of Literature* [sic] a mis-named publication if there ever was one. Mr. Hicks, basing himself on the proletarian reality of the 1930s—to which he has been a fairly week-kneed [sic] apostate—would naturally not be temperamentally capable of evaluating "Malcolm" as a work of literature.

The *Saturday Review* might do better if it simply allied itself entirely with the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the United Nations, Alcoholics Anonymous, and the different cancer institutes, all of whom are noble and dedicated and necessary, and not one of which cares a fig for literature or the dedicated writer.

As to Granville Hicks and his ilk, sitting in their chairs of retirement and spouting guff about "reality," the quicker they leave the literary scene the better. Thanks to such, the literary level of the United States is in the pitiable, castrated, middle-class hash condition it is today.

JAMES PURDY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOWDY BY DESIGN?

SOVIET IDEOLOGY is based on breaking with the Russian past in almost every respect. So that if Madame K [SR, Oct. 3] does not wish to physically identify herself with the glamorous Russian gentlewomen who graced the courts of the czars, who can deny but that she is more clever than unaware? I wonder that Miss Kilgallen was not perspicacious enough to know that Russia's first lady could easily reduce and get into a size fourteen Parisian gown if that kind of glamour was her aim. It is a mistake to ever underestimate the shrewdness of the Russian peasant. Compared to him (or her) our New England nutmeg purveyors were gullible babes in arms. Which is one more reason for watching out when they try to sell us a bill of goods.

REGINE KURLANDER.

Shaker Heights, O.

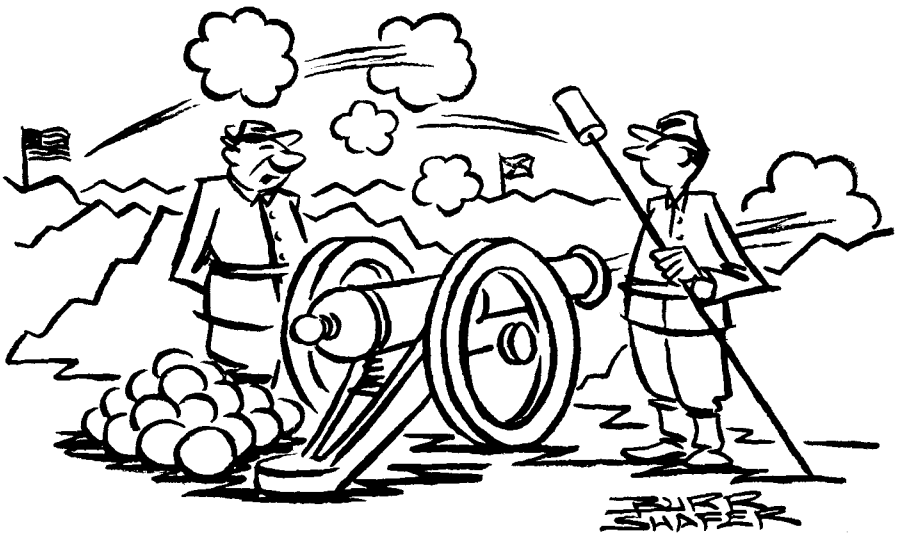
ALMA MATER'S LOVING ALMS?

RE THOMAS COFFEY'S article on American Catholic literature [SR, Sept. 5], American Catholics do little or nothing in cultural or scientific fields because they are not money-making fields. This is a harsh way to put it, but it is so. Catholic families want their children to go on to the next higher economic and social level. They want the immigrant or working-class stigma to be blotted out. They want to forget that their ancestors were driven here by the Potato Famine . . . In Catholic families we still talk of "white-collar" work, and we mean work in time-tested, sure-bet professions.

It will take a couple of generations of easier living than the Catholic family remembers before family atmosphere becomes favorable to the youth who looks to literature, the arts, science, or scholarship for their own sakes. These things *are* valued in Catholic colleges, but as dessert . . . Catholic institutions of higher learning produce few "alumni who have made contributions in the world of scholarship" because their efforts are directed elsewhere. (The alumni are each worrying about the next raise or promotion.)

NICHOLAS ROSA.

Woods Hole, Mass.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Brother fighting brother this way—it's a disgrace. We should be invading Canada."

HOCKING ON TV

YOUR READERS MAY be interested to know that the fine cover picture of William Ernest Hocking [*SR*, Oct. 13] should be credited to the NBC-TV program, "Wisdom," on which Dr. Hocking is scheduled to appear at some near future date.

ANNE PERKINS.

New York, N. Y.

DO NOT DISTURB

IN REFERENCE TO the article "Where the Peers and the Interlopers Played" by Horace Sutton [*SR*, Oct. 10], I wish to say that my ideas of a peaceful vacation at such a place as Lahaina are in complete accordance with Mr. Sutton's. I hope the American factors will not turn this pleasant-sounding town into a hustle-bustle of commercial activity.

DONNA SCHINZING.

Morton Grove, Ill.

SLEEPER-JUMP TO PARADISE

THE "SEVEN SEAS" issue [*SR*, Oct. 17] is truly fascinating. Inez Robb omitted two trips, each of which can be done in a day from Buenos Aires, and each of which gives one some "feel" for the country. First, a boat trip through the Tiger, the islands of the delta of the Rio Plata, and, second, a visit to a hacienda on the pampas where the gauchos will cook a steak dinner for you in big outdoor fires.

DORIS M. COLE.

Massena, N. Y.

POETRY ON THE ROCKS

IT HAS LONG been my worst punishment to read the so-called poems in the *Saturday Review*. A magazine which sets itself up as critic of the arts surely ought to present only the best available when it publishes original material. In this you fail so obviously that I cannot understand why you and your poetry editor do not go habitually clothed in sackcloth. Please, please do something to correct this, even if it means publishing Mrs. Lindbergh!

ELEANOR NUDD.

Tilton, N. H.

UNIMPRESSED

I AM NOT overly impressed by arguments [*SR*, Oct. 10] regarding the nature of the Russian propaganda machine: their (theatrical) timing, their seizing of the offensive, the machine itself, the drive to keep it going, and what they spend on it.

If there are people in various countries and parts of the world who have not reached the age of discernment between fact and fiction in the world of events and merely listen to one side of a story (their governments may not want them to hear the other side), then it would appear that they are being taken in and that they need a source of news information that is reliable and accurate.

A concerted and coordinated effort of the the United States Government to inform others would be a good thing if it is done without a propagandizing air . . .

ARTHUR C. POPE, JR.

Chicago, Ill.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Conception and the Miraculous

THOSE who tend to worry about obscurity in the films of Ingmar Bergman may take heart from "**Brink of Life**," the latest work by the Swedish director to be released here. It bears little or no relation to other movies of his that we have seen, tells a perfectly clear and simple story, and if it deals with any mysteries it delves into none that have not been dealt with before. The events of the story take place in a maternity ward, inhabited by three young pregnant women. One loses her child through miscarriage; another who had hoped to induce a miscarriage finds that the life within her is stubborn indeed; a third, eager for a child, loses it during prolonged and painful delivery. Ingrid Thulin, Bibi Andersson, and Eva Dahlbeck, who portray these women, are believable in their joys and despairs, and Bergman's direction is economical and understanding but the peculiar fascination of other of his movies is missing in this one.

The reason for this seems fairly obvious. The screenplay was written by Ulla Isaksson, and not by Bergman, and the movies of his that we have most admired were of his own authorship. One can understand why he lent himself to this undertaking. It is a worthwhile story—although it does slightly resemble "The Best of Everything" in a maternity ward—and it even poses a rather unanswerable question: why does life choose some women for child-bearing and leave others barren? No answer, of course. Merely pathos. But Miss Isaksson, sincere as she is, has not lifted her story much beyond the level of popular magazine fiction. Cecilia, who miscarries, reacts with coldness towards the husband who she feels has neither loved her enough nor wanted the child. Stine, the wife who struggles fiercely to have her child, angrily rejects the sympathy of Hjordis, the unwed pregnant girl who seems destined for motherhood. And, at the end, Hjordis senses something of the mystery of the life process and decides to go home to mother.

There are occasional moments of harshness in the movie, but much of the time one waits as impatiently as the women (they are all admirable) for something to happen. It may be disturbing the myth of the all-importance of the director to suggest that he is only as good as his material. Bergman, certainly, seems most inspired when he has his own remarkable screenplays to work on.

* * *

I never had the opportunity to see Max Reinhardt's famous theatre piece, "**The Miracle**," but I gather changes have been made in the medieval legend of a Spanish nun who left her convent to follow a knight, went through several worldly adventures, and eventually returned to the convent to discover that a statue of the Madonna had left her pedestal and carried on for her while she was away. Frank Butler's screenplay may have cribbed a bit from "The Pride and the Passion," for the story now takes place in early nineteenth-century Spain during the French invasion, and it is not a knight the nun follows, but a tall, handsome British captain, played not by Cary Grant, but by a young Englishman, Roger Moore, a remarkably clean-cut chap with a roguish eye for a nun. I should say postulant, for Carroll Baker as the Spanish girl has not yet taken her final vows and is mostly put on floor scrubbing in the vicinity of the Madonna.

The events of the tale are lively enough as the girl succumbs to her handsome lover (he has good intentions and wants to take her back to Sussex), loses him in the war, gets mixed up with a band of gypsies, becomes a famous Spanish dancer and singer, is loved by an ill-fated matador, agrees to be the mistress of a rich old Spanish aristocrat, and gets to Brussels in time for the events around Waterloo. It is at this point she once more encounters her Englishman, who is miraculously saved at Waterloo because, fearing that her love brings only death to her lovers, she has renounced him in a prayerful scene.

If the events are lively, the movie is not. Irving Rappers's direction is stilted, as is the dialogue, and though Miss Baker is pretty, the lines give her only clichés to work with. The statue of the Madonna is pretty, too, and a tear is dropped when the girl puts down her scrub-brush and departs. Elmer Bernstein's music is appropriately reverential during this and other miraculous moments. Walter Slezak, Katina Paxinou and Isobel Elson, among other capable people, do their best with intractable material. It's the kind of movie they don't make any more—but they did, unfortunately.

—Hollis Alpert.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

In Praise of Old Nassau

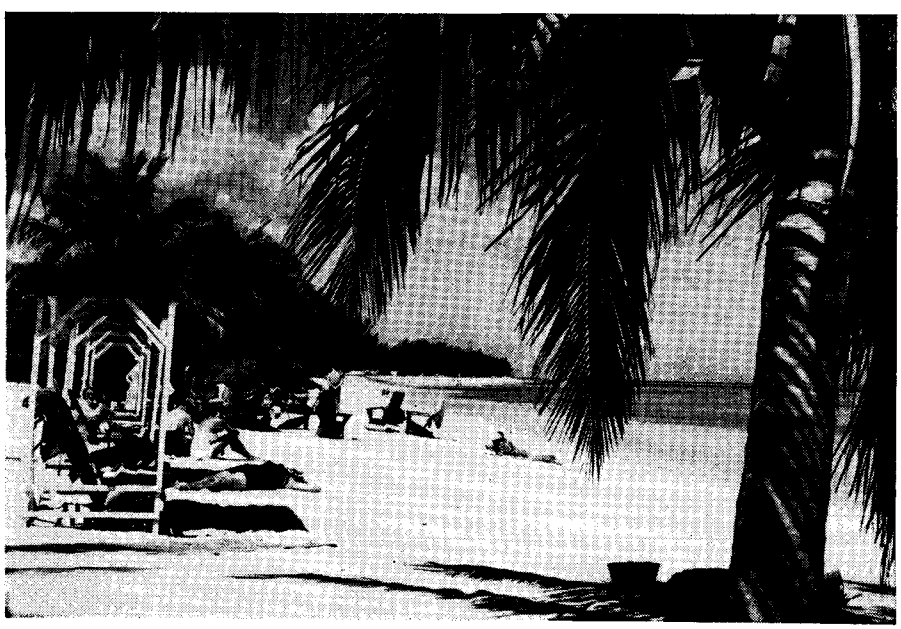
NASSAU

ALMOST everything is up to date here in the Bahamas. Anything that wasn't was getting the bejabbers beat out of it to make it all as new as next week for the coming season. Winter approaches and the house count for the year 1959 in the Bahamas is expected to top a quarter of a million visitors.

Plaster was flowing like rum in an ad for Puerto Rico and the hammers were beating a woodpecker's tattoo in the hotels of Nassau the day I buzzed down from Bermuda on the wings of an Eagle turbo-prop. The Nassau Beach Lodge which had only been up and standing a mere ten months, was being altered and updated by the new managing director, Stuart Sharpe, a young Sol Hurok out of Jamaica and Fort Lauderdale. What was formerly called the Cave Bar was being altered to conform to its new name, the Rum Keg, and a musical aggregation that played there formerly under the quaint name of the Lamplighters would be known henceforth as the Rum Runners. "After all that's the history of the Bahamas," says Sharpe. "Piracy, wrecking rum-running, and now, tourism."

It may be that tourism, which is erupting all over the Bahamian islets, may prove more profitable than running rum, a sport which was engaged in during their earlier years, by many a pillar of Bay St. society. In Nassau, the turntable for all Bahamas voyages, workmen were, as they always seem to be doing when I turn up there, taking apart and putting together the giant British Colonial, still owned by the Oakes estate, and operated now by Gill Hotels of Fort Lauderdale. Down the pike the old Fort Montagu, still owned by Billy Butlin, the British holiday camp entrepreneur, is reupholstering every room in the house, save of course, a new unit that was recently put up around a swimming pool. The tank of the pool, incidentally, has a common wall with the bar, and the builders have seen fit to use a big sheet of sturdy glass which permits tipplers to watch the underwater antics of dunkers all day long. Twice nightly there is a regular underwater show, best seen from the bar stools.

THE stout walls of the ancient Royal Victoria, which is said to have been built to provide adequate housing for visiting agents from the Confederacy, has now become a Treadway Inn, one of a lengthening chain of inns that have sprouted from New England. It will take a half a million and another few months to make the Royal Victoria seem less Victorian, much of that bundle going towards a new unit called Queen's Court which is being designed by Robertson Ward, who did Mill Reef Club on Antigua and Estate Carlton on St. Croix. It includes twenty-four new



Nassau's Cable Beach—"stretches out long and ashen, washed by the sea that is first bottle green, then turquoise, and finally royal blue."

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bedrooms, each with a lanai, and a nightclub to fit alongside the pool that was installed in 1952.

Out along Nassau's Cable Beach which, it seems to me, is almost sure to become the Waikiki of the Atlantic, the Bahamas Country Club is paying out $200,000 to revamp its clubhouse which overlooks the golf links. Despite the name, the rooms and the playground are both open to the public. A new grandstand is being built across the road for Nassau's long idle race track which will still go under the name of Hobby Horse Hall. The horses are Bahamian ponies, they run the opposite direction, just like the traffic. However, a huge clump of trees, behind which many jockeys were said to have switched horses in mid-race, has been eliminated, adding a more sportive if a less cynical air to the track.

Those who reside either at the Bahamas Country Club, the Emerald Beach Hotel, or the aforementioned Nassau Beach Lodge, will experience the incomparable convenience of having the race track on one side of them and the beach on the other. The beach, I had better tell you, is as handsome a strand of white powder as one is likely to find anywhere and from the beachside hotel rooms it stretches out, long and ashen, washed by a sea that is first bottle green, then turquoise, and finally royal blue. Sailboats bob at moorings, water skiers follow the motorboats and at the Lodge this year, there is a new contraption called power skis. It is put together by a California company; two pontoons shaped like skis, connected across the back by a tailboard on which an outboard motor has been mounted. The handlebar is like the top three sides of a parallelogram which is loose at the joints. The ruddy thing steers by shifting one's weight and the bars, and a dead man's lever controls the speed. Trying out this form of locomotion I found myself in front of the Bahamas Country Club in a trice, reflecting all the while that an enterprising young man with one of these back in the Thirties could have offered package delivery service to the thirsty population of Florida before the Revenuers were up and about.

Beachcombers at the Lodge this winter, will not have to climb into dress clothes no matter the time of the day. The Goombay Terrace is being fitted out with sliding glass doors which will connect it with an outdoor terrace overlooking the pool. Inside there will be dinner, dancing, coats and ties; outside there will be barbecue dining in any costume permitted by the local ordinances. Since it was, at the time of its opening, largely identified with Howard Johnson's chain of ice cream parlors, you will find a familiar orange-roof hut

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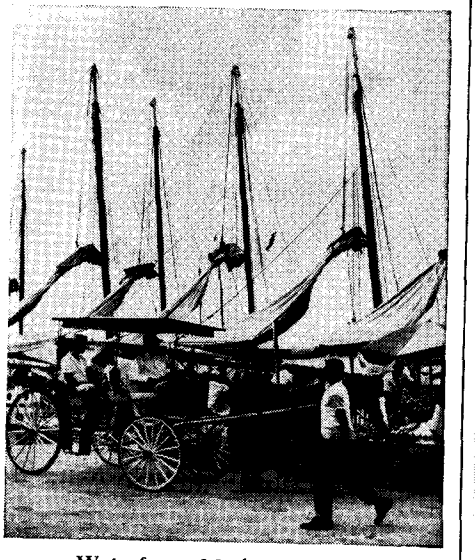
on the premises dishing up pistachio, maple walnut, and chocolate chip until midnight. A throughway leads to a new bar off the lobby all done up with ship's gear and fitted out with overhead handleholds for standees who may find the room rocking.

A number of small hotels have opened in Nassau too. A pair that caught my eye on the way in from the Cable Beach repositories the other day were the Dolphin, which has rooms with pleasant little balconies rising above the pool and the beach across the street, and the fifty-room May Fair down the pike, which spells itself like its London namesake. It seems incongruous here in this tropical air, but a number of cooperative apartment buildings are also sprouting in Nassau—there will be four by this winter—with purchasable apartments at anywhere from 9000 pounds. When the owner is away other guests



Waterfront Market — sheep coming, soda pop going.

may play, and a penthouse apartment in a pink armory already in operation, can now be leased at seventy-five pounds, or about $210 a month, maid service included. Considering that the word is already abroad in the land that Pan American's jets will be running down here in two hours from New York commencing early in December, a little flat in the Bahamas won't be harder to reach than the suburbs, and much easier to take.

All this civilization hasn't made much of an impression on Nassau's Straw Market where all sorts of outlandish gear fashioned of sisal, silver top, and coconut and palmetto palm are foisted on the visitors. "Boss man, we could do some good for you," say the ladies. And indeed, visitors from the strange lands to the north are seen strolling about on Bay St. with straw stovepipe creations three feet high. The ships from the outer islands are still tied up along the

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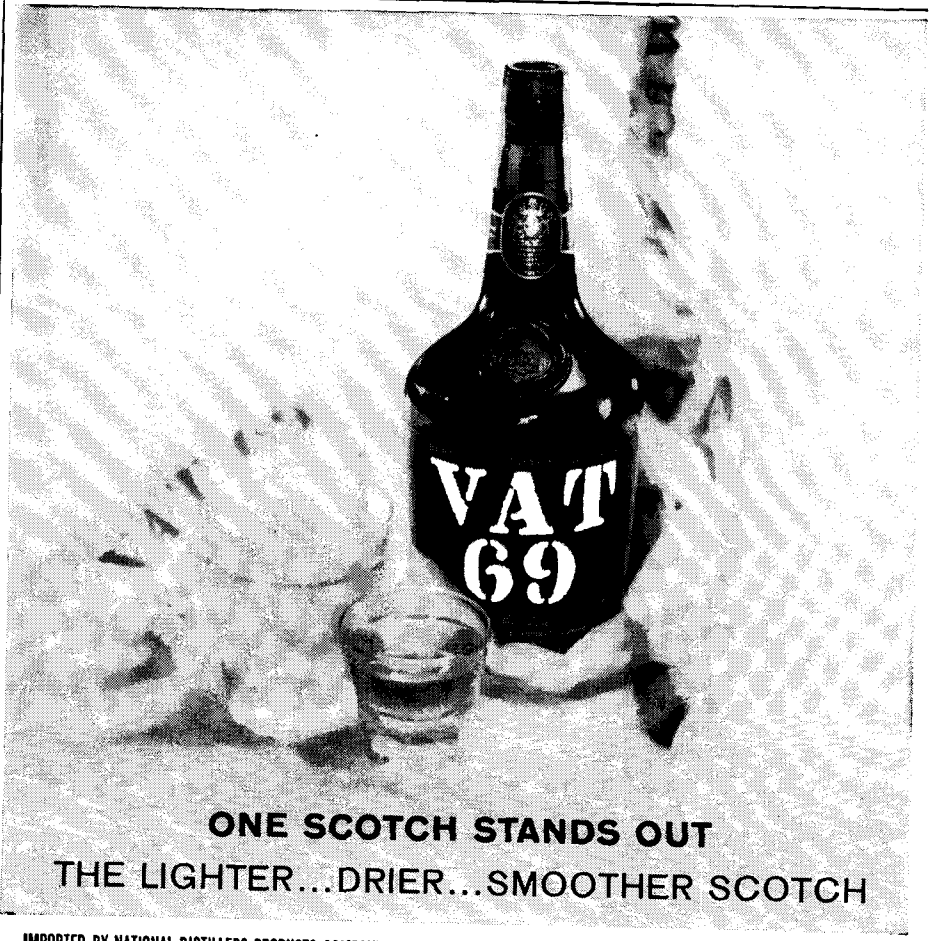

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waterfront market, arriving as they do with a deck load of sheep, goats, pigs, and chickens, and leaving, as they do, with a deckload of soda pop and other benefits of Nassau's more advanced civilization. The covered market brims with piles of tiny peppers, ochre, limes as small as golf balls, papayas as elephantine as footballs. There is thyme by the bushel, sugar apples by the dozen, and everywhere there are "pears," which is short for alligator pears.

Along Bay St. the best buys seem to be golf balls, which cost $7.95 here for a good name brand against $13.50 in the U.S. Perfume and spirits, lotions to enchant the outer woman and warm the inner man, are probably the biggest bargains. I copied part of a price list in the Nassau Shop which, discussing one ounce bottles of perfume went like this:

	Nassau	U.S.
Arpège	$12.50	$25.85
My Sin	$ 9	$17.60
Chanel #5	$14	$22.

Madras jackets, not nearly so subtle as the big city Stateside shops were showing last summer, were $21, which is to say they weren't nearly as expensive as the U.S. either. Camel's hair coats for men were tagged $112, cashmere overcoats $175, and a V-neck cashmere sweater for men rang the register at about $25. (Price at Saks, New York: $29.50). Ambrosine has Dynasty's line of silks from Hong Kong, but I found no store on Bay St. to equal the Calypso in Bermuda or the Elverhoj in St. Thomas, to mention merely two that come to mind quickly.

Nassau is a place of singular charm and soft pleasant beaches and a manner to match, but it is not much of a place if you are an indefatigable sightseer. There is Government House standing on its hill with its white statue of Columbus and its memories of its most memorable governor, Edward, Duke of Windsor, and his Duchess who were here during the war. The native quarter lies over the hill and it is building too. Dan Knowles, one of its major citizens, who owns a fleet of Cadillacs and a fleet of buses, has recently built an air-conditioned inn called the Three Queens which will serve native food to any explorer willing to ride over the hill in search of conch chowder, turtle steaks, turtle stew, and, that Nassau specialty, conch fritters. En route to the Three Queens there are such enterprises as the Una's Teenage Drink Center, the Young Ladies' Beautiful League, and that health center of the tropics, the Bahamas Barbell and Physical Gymnasium where a man who has been chomping too many conch fritters can lift a Bahama barbell or two and get himself back into physical shape.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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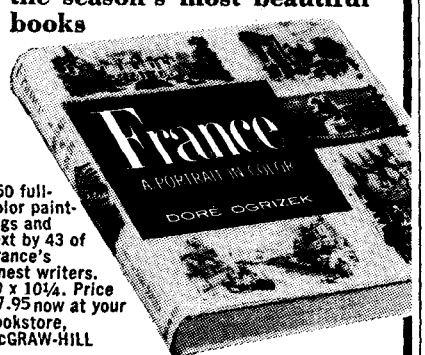

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Nassau in History

THE FIRST tourist to arrive in the Bahamas was Columbus who dropped anchor at San Salvador, also called Watling's Island, a dot on the map some 250 miles east and south of Nassau which itself inhabits the island of New Providence. It is said that Bahamian school children who live under the flag of Great Britain are more familiar with that date in their history—October 12, 1492—than they are with the arrival of William the Conqueror on the mother islands in 1066.

The establishment of Columbus's arrival on San Salvador is something of a moot point among historians. Wherever it was that Columbus landed, what he found were Arawaks, a peaceful and rather lazy tribe that had been booted out of South America and the Caribbean by the Caribs, a more churlish group. In any event, believing he had landed in Asia, Columbus called them Indians. Both he and the Pope thought they were ripe for conversion. The Spaniards converted the Arawaks to laborers in the mines of the West Indies and by the early 1500s, the islands were depopulated and abandoned.

The English came in the next century and dispatched a "Company of Adventurers for the plantation of the Island of Eleutheria formerly called Buhama in America and the adjacent islands." The settlers set up one of the first forms of popular government and they also began a flourishing trade of "wrecking," which is to say, inviting ships by false signals to wreck themselves on the reefs. The Bahamians descended into what was described in the idiom of the day as a "lazie course of life" and from there lapsed into the next big industry, piracy.

During the American Civil War, Nassau became a prosperous intermediary between England, which needed southern cotton for her textile mills, and the South which needed munitions.

Economic gloom settled over Nassau and its islands after the Civil War and the douleur lasted through the first Great War. Thoughtfully, neighboring America put the Volstead Act into law. Stocks of liquors were quickly shipped from the mainland to Nassau, and then smuggled back into the U.S. When the stocks were gone Nassau provided more. It was on this income that the tourist industry was first founded, and after Repeal, Nassau made an easy transition from purveyors of liquid sunshine to the real thing. In 1950 Nassau was established as a year-around resort and almost everyone became a respectable member of the tourist industry.

—H. S.

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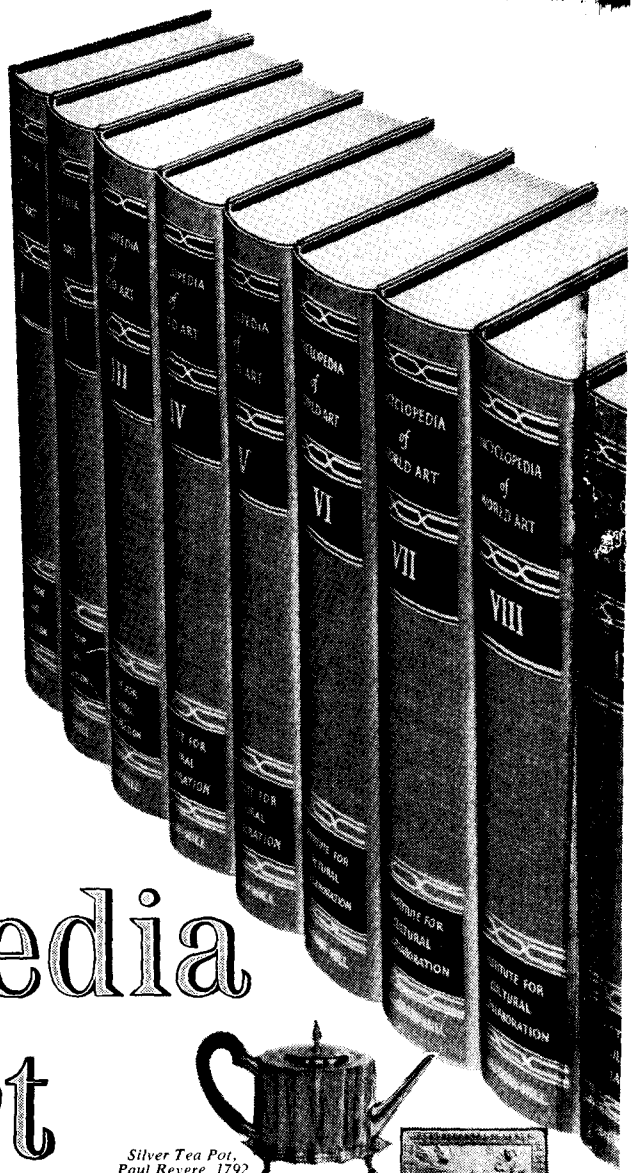

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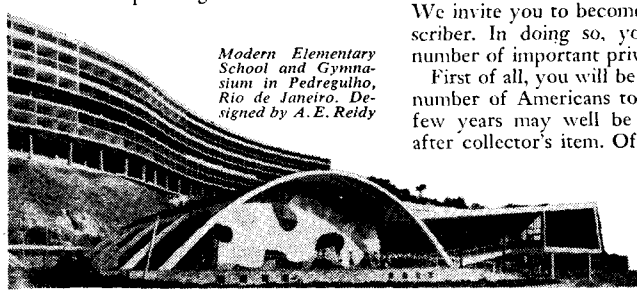

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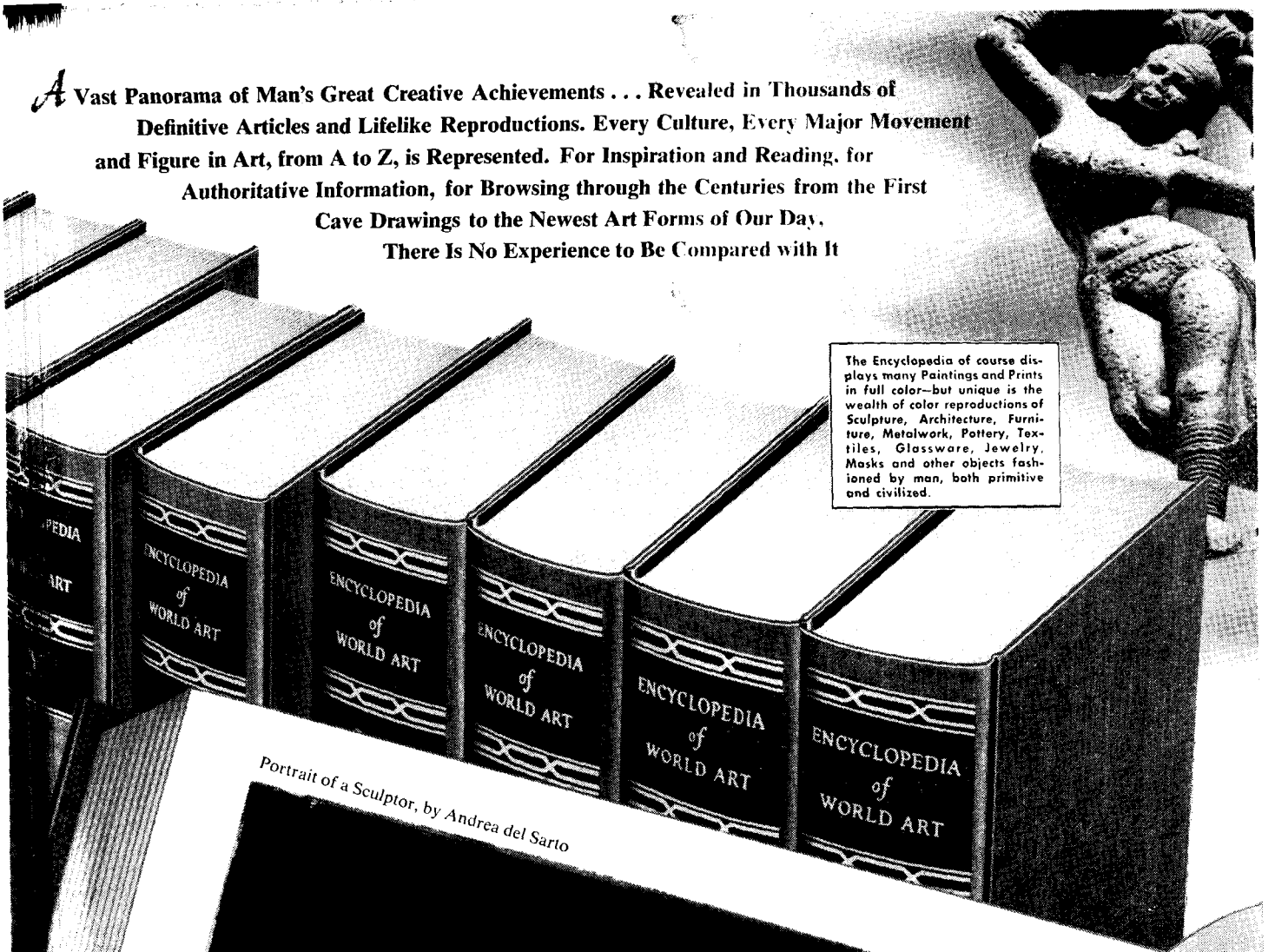
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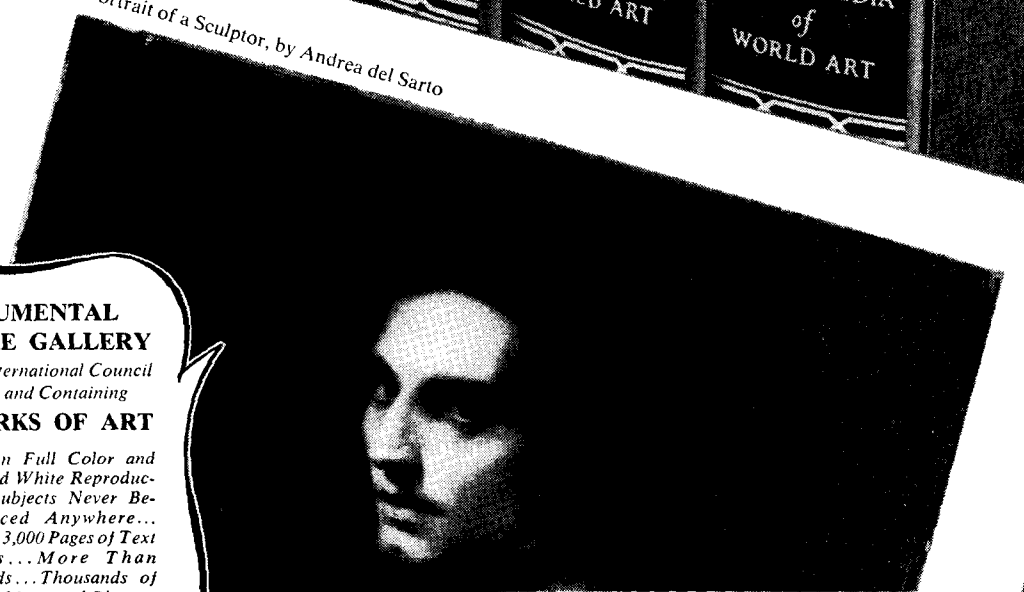

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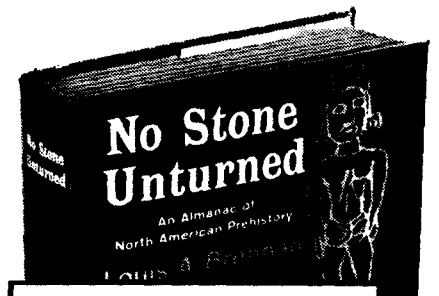

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

O'Neill's "Fourth" Symphony

"TAKE ME ALONG" is a pleasant, easygoing musical that on the whole remains surprisingly faithful to Eugene O'Neill's comedy "Ah, Wilderness," on which it has been based. It contents itself with following a typical small-town family through a typical old-fashioned Fourth of July.

But its authors, Joseph Stein and Robert Russell, and its songwriter, Bob Merrill, have cautiously added to the play in several areas. Gently they have worked in some of the color of a Connecticut village. We see the trolley car that used to connect so many New England towns; the smoker entertainment at the firemen's picnic; and in a nicely painted Oliver Smith backdrop, the lobster pots at low tide.

Then they have included that essential ingredient of musical comedy, the numbers which celebrate the breaking down of barriers between people, the momentary going from some sort of aloneness to some sort of togetherness. The best one of these is "I Get Embarrassed," a duet between the ribald Uncle Sid and the prim Aunt Lily. In it she responds smilingly to his outline of the more conventional pleasures of marriage. But when at the end of each verse Sid tags on an earthy suggestion, Aunt Lily is skyrocketed into a schizoid spasm of anticipatory delight and shocked guilt about the impropriety of mentioning such naughtiness.

Finally there is a sustained and less spectacular effort to use song and dance for soliloquies of self-revelation, for preparation of mood, and for showing us what is being imagined by a character. The latter use comes in the second act ballet when the drunken young Richard has the hallucination of being tossed around in a ballet of forbidden literary figures made up in the sinister black-and-white style of the Beardsley illustrations for an Oscar Wilde book.

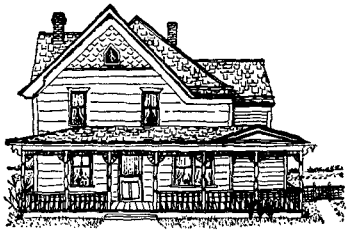
While some of the musical excursions constitute action-slowing detours, their general appropriateness keeps them from becoming intrusive. And the alterations in the original play are slight and never heretical.

This is true in both the writing and the performing. The writers have soft-pedaled O'Neill's implication that Richard's reading of books had made him not only a sexual freethinker, but also a young radical. However, since his radicalism seems to have been regarded by O'Neill as just one more symptom of Richard's immaturity, the loss is not crucial.

And while the ending where Lily and Sid finally get together may remove some of the play's poignancy, it is in good musical comedy tradition, and can be dismissed as a possible epilogue to a story already finished.

Under Peter Glenville's direction the cast acts the show with a sensitivity unusual in musicals. Walter Pidgeon's Nat Miller is as New England as baked beans and he only slightly exaggerates the ironic humor of his unwelcome parental duties. Eileen Herlie preforms Aunt Lily with authentic grace at the same time that she demonstrates a singing ability that marks her as the logical successor to Gertrude Lawrence. Robert Morse as the errant young Richard exhibits a remarkable combination of the sort of flair which immediately tells us that he is meant to be a trifle absurd, and the true concentration of a totally involved actor. Finally, Jackie Gleason manages to blend his own broad comic personality and technique with those aspects of Uncle Sid's character he can find within his own experience. How amusing it is to watch this roly-poly brute of an entertainer dancing lightly and politely in a short off-to-the-picnic interlude. And while he never really seems to be quite the wasted Uncle Sid O'Neill described, he is truly believable as a man who has the misfortune of being unable to resist becoming the life of the party.

These are virtues rare in today's brash, loud musical comedy factories, and while "Take Me Along" lacks some of the immediacy and full-throatedness of our very best musicals, we can, when we leave the theatre, take along with us the freshly enriched flavor and humanity of a fine American play.



JOE Masteroff's "The Warm Peninsula" proves to be a tepid and rambling tale of two girls in Miami Beach. Mr. Masteroff is the master of

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the twist joke, and Julie Harris and June Havoc deliver their lines so effectively that you keep expecting the play to amount to something. It never does.

OFF-BROADWAY is flourishing with a number of worthy new efforts. The most original this season has been "The Connection." But three recent entries are also of more than usual interest.

The first of these is "**Summer of the Seventeenth Doll**" at The Players' Theatre. The play by Ray Lawler (whose second hit, "The Picadilly Bushman," has just opened in Australia) is a remarkable study of three people facing the moment when circumstance makes it no longer possible for them to continue in a glorious state of infantile irresponsibility. Alan Schneider has assembled a fine cast and encouraged them to play their situations with honesty, humor, and force. Dana Elcar, Leon Janney, Rae Allen, and Margaretta Warwick are all excellent and Louise Latham is superb in all but her final hysterical outburst, which she allows to become a little too classical. All in all, this revival is as good an evening of theatre as you'll find anywhere in New York.

TWO OTHER CURRENT off-Broadway attractions both deal with recent American history, in a less conventional but more vital way than does "The Gang's All Here." At the 74th Street Theatre, Robert Penn Warren's "**All the King's Men**" examines a character like Huey Long in a way that continually complicates rather than simplifies the popular notion of good and evil. Clifton James is powerful as the farm boy turned politician, and John Ragin nicely captures the frustration of the idealistic young journalist who believed that the end could justify the means.

Paul Shyre's adaptation of John Dos Passos's "**U.S.A.**" at the Martinique Theatre is a sort of "See It Now" of America from 1890 to 1929. Six very disciplined and very versatile performers give us glimpses of almost everything that happened in that time with special attention to the rise of one public-relations man. What ties this exploration of the American spirit together is the tower of living contradictions and hypocrisies it constructs before your eyes. Lawrence Hugo, Joan Tetzel, William Redfield, Peggy McKay, William Windom, and Sada Thompson all have a neat satirical edge to their portrayals. And Miss Thompson's retelling of the life of Isadora Duncan is a perfect piece of theatre which she keeps alive by fighting down every temptation to sentimentalize it. —HENRY HEWES.

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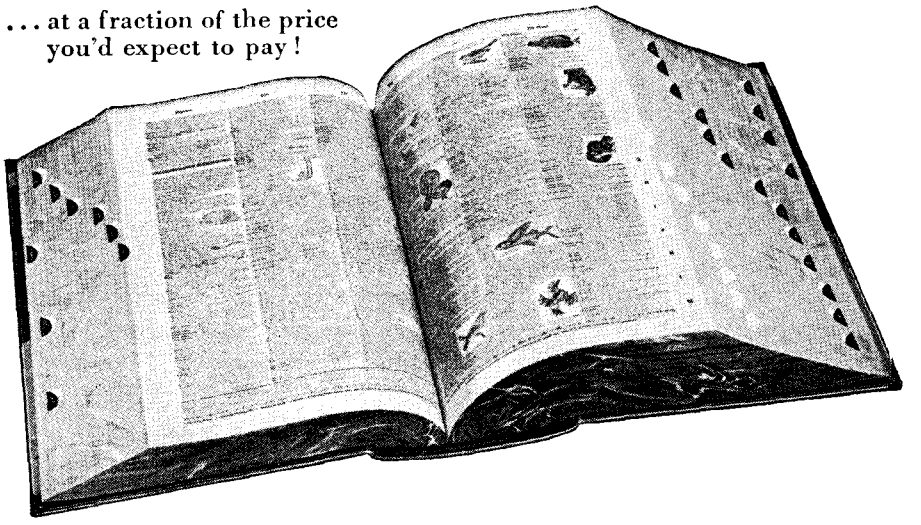

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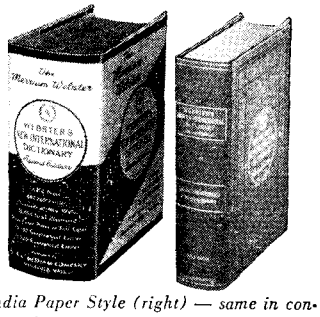

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TV AND RADIO

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IN the spring of 1957, the Council for a Television Course in the Humanities for Secondary Schools never suspected that it would become the chief actor in a contemporary drama of disillusionment, suggestive of "Hamlet." Then the Fund for the Advancement of Education (Ford Foundation) asked the Council, which represents major educational and cultural institutions in the Boston area, to create a TV course in the humanities for high-school students of third-year English. "Think big," the Fund officials are reported to have told the Council. "This course is intended to replace the conventional methods of teaching third-year English. It will be broadcast over educational TV stations. If you are not prepared to rise to this challenge, we will offer it to another city." Rising to the challenge (which was generously baited with the promise of a budget of more than a million dollars), the Council's staff blocked out ninety-six lessons in drama, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, and prose. Involved in the preparation of the TV lessons were noted university lecturers, classroom teachers, and TV, film, and theatre professionals.

By the spring of 1959, workshops had been held, teachers' manuals prepared, scripts revised, and twelve pilot films (one introductory and eleven drama) had been shot, telecast, and tested in Boston and St. Louis. Reactions from 271 teachers and 8507 students in 137 eastern public, private and parochial schools were "overwhelmingly favorable." The Council had spent a little over $400,000; officials of the Fund for the Advancement of Education judged the pilot films "superb." At that moment the uses of this world seemed to the Council not at all "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Two months later, this same world seemed much more like the melancholy "unweeded garden" of Hamlet. Unexpectedly, the Fund had withdrawn its support of the project.

As of this writing, the twelve pilot films may be purchased (not rented) by interested users from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, for the package price of $2,880 in color ($1,440 in black and white, plus royalties for television exposure). And in order to seek new support, the Council has voted to retain its independent, corporate entity.

"Hamlet" is one of the three plays studied in the pilot films. Another is Sophocles's "Oedipus the King," in which sudden reversal of fortune is a dominant theme. The Council, ironically, is also confronted with a sudden reversal of its fortunes. Why should this have happened? Were its plans not bold, imaginative, and worthy? Bernard M. W. Knox, of Yale University (the Council's teacher for the "Oedipus" cycle of four film-lessons) declared in a letter to *The New York Times* that the series constituted "a turning point in the history of educational TV." Did not the Council accomplish what the Fund had asked it to do—to produce a series in the humanities, entirely new in concept, and high in quality, which would open to adolescents new doors of the mind and the spirit, stirring them as they have never been stirred, by mankind's "Western" heritage? Professor Knox's letter expressed regret that the Fund for the Advancement of Education "has fallen so far below the brave promise of its name." Floyd Rinker, the Council's executive director, who resigned, believes the Fund has chosen to sacrifice quality for the less pertinent criteria of "quantity, economy, and speed."

THE Fund has stated that it is not abandoning the TV humanities course, but that it is actively seeking a more practical, quicker, and more effective way of realizing it, without sacrifice of quality, through what is known in educational TV circles as "the master-teacher" device ("Continental Classroom" is an example). Presumably, the Fund believes that students can be given valuable insights into such humanities as Greek and Elizabethan drama, without having recourse to special, expensive filmings of Canada's Shakespearean Festival Players of Stratford. Foundations usually regard themselves as catalyzers. They prefer to show the way, in such a manner that others may follow their lead on a sound fiscal basis, leaving the foundation free to venture elsewhere. Such a policy concerns itself with a wider spectrum than a single year's high-school course. It envisions many TV teaching courses, ranging from the primary grades upward. Seeking to build models which less wealthy institutions can subsequently mass-produce, foundations ask themselves whether a project is manageable as well as inspiring. Foundations, of course, are under no obligation to explain to outsiders how or why they spend their own money. We may wonder, however, why the Fund, which has so generously and creatively fostered educational advancement, had, in this case, to make so painful a choice. Why was it not possible to permit the Boston Council to complete its projected course, while the Fund, at the same time, set up an independent course, based on its own ideas of what is needed? Its aim is to advance education by exploration, curiosity, and especially diversity. If foundations are to be dedicated to any particular role in our society, surely it should be to the role of introducing and testing new ideas for their relative values, not that of defending the exclusivity of what may even be cogent positions.

We have a plethora of educational ventures trapped in the needs of hard-money considerations. What we urgently need are visions of excellence projected as if by beacons, high above the firing line of everyday life—visions of life as it ought to be rather than life as it is. Current philosophies of business and government usually disclaim any responsibility for such cultural space rocketry. It was once the fond (was it vain?) hope of some, that foundations would accept the quixotic job of creating a place for quality that didn't have to meet a payroll, or cover costs, or overcome the teacher-shortage.

The Council may find comfort in the notion that, whatever its destiny, it has in its twelve pilot films projected a vision of excellence in the educational community. In this observer's view, fine teaching is in itself an esthetic experience. I have seen three of the Council's films (one from Professor Knox's cycle of film on "Oedipus"; one from Clifton Fadiman's cycle on "The Humanities, The Theatre, and Thornton Wilder's play, 'Our Town'"; and one from the "Hamlet" cycle, taught by Maynard Mack, Professor of English, Yale University). I experienced the films not only as vehicles of information, but as artistry. I sincerely hope the Fund's new course will achieve, in its own way, a similarly effective penetration and subtlety. About $700,000 is needed to complete the Council's project. This nation possibly spends that sum during each second of a Cape Canaveral count-down. Is it idle to hope that some other foundation or source of capital could provide support for a trail-blazing exploration into the human questions of what is good, what is right, and what is real? These questions wait for our astronauts on the moon, just as surely as they live here on earth with us.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Literary Lives

Continued from page 29

telligence. He neither snickers nor leers; and he balances his portrait with reminders of Pepys's rich extrasexual life—his activities as a hard-working civil servant, an ambitious bourgeois, a virtuoso and musician, a spectator of London's Court, the plague, fire, and naval war.

But since he necessarily follows a chronological scheme, his story is occasionally monotonous when Pepys plays the same tune with the same partners (Betty Martin, Mrs. Bagwell). And in compressing the story, again necessarily, Mr. Wilson slackens the dramatic tension of Pepys's love affair with Deb Willett, which in the diary is terribly taut. These are minor flaws in a book with so much valuable new material so well presented.

It is a handsomely designed book, too. The dust jacket, credited to Ronald Clyne, reproduces Hogarth's magnificent drawing "Southwark Fair" without even acknowledging the debt.

MAN OF LETTERS: The man whose biography is written by his Judas is unfortunate, but hardly less so is the humorist whose biographer lacks humor of his own. This is the misfortune that Leacock suffers at the hands of Ralph L. Curry, for the only humor in the latter's book, **"Stephen Leacock: Humanist and Humorist"** (Doubleday, $4.95), is to be found in snippets from Leacock's writings. Indeed, there is not even any liveliness or lightness in Mr. Curry's treatment of a subject that is plainly dear to his heart. His style is pedestrian, and his book, enriched with many facts, is a heavy loaf. But, on his behalf, it must be said that his task was difficult, one that called for an artist in words.

Most conspicuous is the fact that Leacock's life, although it was far from dull to live, is almost inevitably dull to read about. The only events in it that can really interest a reader who did not know him are his books. Brief summaries of them, brief quotations, and brief comments add up to jejune fare. Leacock's marriage and fatherhood and his wife's tragic death must have been for him events of prime importance, but the bald record of them is hardly engrossing. His teaching career—thirty-five years at McGill University, Montreal, where he professed political science and political economy, and for thirty years headed his department—was distinguished; but once his personality and teaching methods have been described the thirty-five years might as well be one, so far as a reader of his biography is concerned.

—*From the book.*

Stephen Leacock—Careless perfectionist.

WHEN we have finished it we have learned that he wrote sixty-one books, beginning with "Literary Lapses" (1910) and ending with "The Boy I Left Behind Me," an autobiography that was unfinished at his death in 1944. Thirty-five of these were humorous books, nine were histories, six dealt with political science, two with economics, one with education, five were books of criticism, and three were biographies. In addition, he published eighty-eight articles on a variety of subjects. He was rewarded as writer and teacher by the knowledge that he had made countless readers laugh, had trained many students who were to win distinction, and had garnered seven honorary doctorates.

Transplanted from England to Canada at the age of seven (1876), he acquired a splendid education despite considerable handicaps, came to hate his improvident father, who left a long-suffering wife after begetting eleven children, and always loved his mother. Careless of his appearance, he was a model of precise method in his professional life. Quick to anger, he cooled rapidly. He liked to sail, fish, play billiards, and drink scotch. He feared Socialism and declared war on the Volstead Act.

He must have been a delightful companion. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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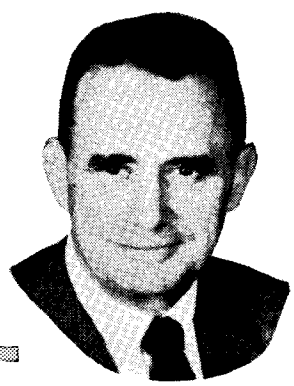

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Brown

Continued from page 17

tion for the breadth and flexibility of mind required to cope with technological, economic, social, and political changes which are certain to condition the business environment in the years ahead. Collegiate business education can kindle the spark of intellectual curiosity that compels a man to be a student of business through a lifetime; it can develop the capacity for analytical rigor that is a prerequisite to all successful business careers.

WHILE there is uncertainty regarding the ability to teach management skills, as such, in a formal educational program, there is no question that the qualities of breadth and perspective that make for good management can be cultivated. The managing of a major corporation today is not only a skilled exercise in policy, decision, and action, but is also an act of public trust involving stockholders, employees, labor unions, consumers, government officials, community groups, and public opinion. Management has moved perceptibly from the older proprietary concepts to a form of stewardship that seeks maximum long-range profits by recognizing a wide range of interests. Impinging as it does on practically every sector of organized human activity, the modern corporation has a crucial relevance to the cultural, as well as to the material, characteristics of contemporary society.

These complexities of business contribute to some of the major problems that concern Professors Gordon and Pierson. They also create the opportunities for business education that have provided these perceptive authors with interesting intellectual grist for their mill. In recent years many undergraduate as well as graduate faculties have probed new frontiers. It is yet too early to know the extent of success, except for the assurance that the results have been broadening.

The relevance of economic theory to an understanding of the market place has long been recognized. As the importance of the human factor has grown in business thinking, the communicative skills and the behavioral sciences have been given greater attention. Truly heroic efforts are now being made in several institutions to relate the latter to business problems. The multiplication of the number of variables entering business decisions that has accompanied growth of size, and the greater complexity of business processes, has stimulated interest in mathematical treatment of business problems. Simulated models, analyzed with the aid of the newly developed mathematics and

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electronic data-processing machines, have encouraged scholars to believe a powerful aid to management is now in an advanced stage of development. Growing awareness that business plays a key cultural as well as material role in society has called attention to the need for development of broadened attitudes and for the devising of new guide lines for executive action more meaningful than the economist's simple maximizing of immediate profit.

Work in all of these directions presents a challenge. There are grounds for believing that new insights into the problems of business administration will soon emerge. Equally important, the typical business curriculum may well become even more closely integrated with cognate academic discipline.

There are plenty of questions to keep students of business education busy for generations to come. It is yet to be decided who should do what in the preparation of people for business. The achievement of excellence cannot be expected until we have clarity of purpose for each institution. If collegiate education for business is to withdraw from its specialized and vocational programs, and most agree that it should, to what kinds of institutions will these latter tasks be assigned and can we be assured of their necessary expansion? Should undergraduate education in business be centered on management problem-solving, as so many (perhaps without fully having thought the matter through) are now urging? Since management is so much an art and so little a science, is it, in fact, an appropriate concept around which to construct a complete program of collegiate study? Will mathematics and the behavioral sciences fulfill their present promise to advance significantly our understanding of business administration?

FURTHER, can business faculties, with the advantage of proximity to both the intellectual and business worlds, achieve a real understanding of mid-twentieth-century business and evolve new and more meaningful guide lines for performance? Has the interest in the humanities exhibited in recent years by business executives disclosed an important deficiency in educational programs for business? Can business faculties make a significant contribution among foreign peoples to an understanding of the place of initiative and enterprise in a flexible and free society, in addition to helping them become better administrators? These are some—but by no means all—of the questions that have been, and will continue to be, on the horizons of business education. Professors Gordon and Pierson have performed a useful service in focusing our attention on many of them.

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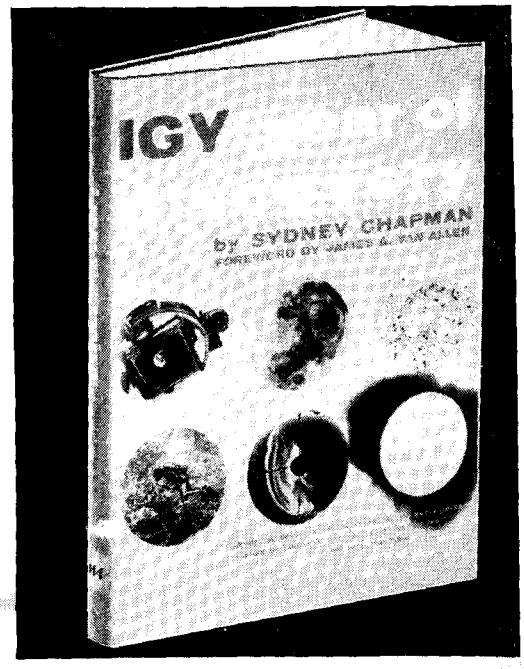

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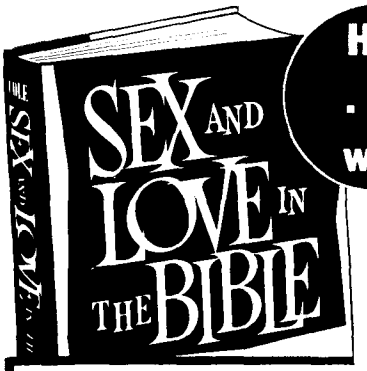

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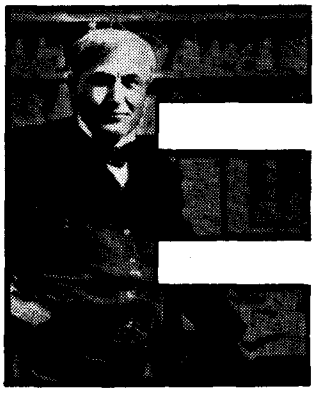

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Hazard

Continued from page 19

not only money—is needed. More contacts between business executives and teachers would be a boon to both groups. More employment by business of business school faculty members for consultation on live problems would bring cross-fertilization of the practical and the theoretical. The two reports are packed with tables of useful facts, and they are filled also with a fervent conviction of the need for better business education in our business society.

Will the findings, recommendations, and unanswered questions disclosed in the reports engage the attention of businessmen? Not generally. But every corporate executive should make a note that these epochal studies exist, and make sure that his library contains copies.

Businessmen do not pretend to qualify as educators. They do not differ materially in this respect from other laymen. Even in the case of the older professions such as law and medicine, practitioners do not concern themselves much with professional education. Fifty years ago lawyers and doctors essayed teaching in conjunction with practice, but it is now known that the instruction was not of the best.

Education, including business education, is better handled by scholars than by practitioners. This is to say that in education the educator must take the lead—and he will not always be immediately understood in the so-called real world.

But it will be urged that businessmen *must* know what skills, what fields of knowledge, what techniques business needs. Again, not necessarily. Military men did not conceive the atomic bomb, or naval men the submarine, or Army aviators the airplane. Yet these three civilian developments are now central to the science and art of warfare. There is no evidence that businessmen identify relevant new knowledge with better insight than the men of other disciplines.

Business is not a monolith. No one speaks for all business—this for the reason that the ideas, ideals, aspirations, and motivations of businessmen are disparate. But a common chord can be detected. Business begins to stand in awe of itself, of its complexity, its power, its responsibilities, and business begins to wonder about its own destiny and about the destiny of its outer world. There will be no holding back by business when the business schools assert intellectual and spiritual leadership.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 8, 6, 11, 9, 3, 12, 2, 7, 5, 10, 1.

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Politics

Continued from page 27

Communists, but nonparty people seem less interested.

"Are the Russian people likely to revolt against the Kremlin?" No.

"Will the Soviets run short of manpower, or of food, or of disciplined citizens?" No.

"Could the Stalinist system of rule by fear be restored?" Not easily.

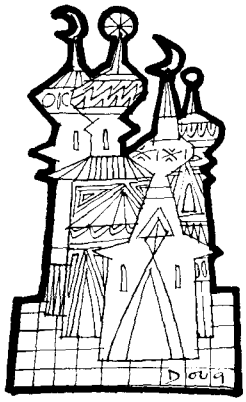
"Why does the expansion of Soviet education hold out great promise for us?" Because it makes Communist thought control more difficult.

Of some current, and bi-partisan, interest may be Mr. Harriman's endorsement of President Eisenhower's projected trip to Russia, which "is certain to convince some Russians that it is unthinkable that America would ever start a war" and will increase pressure for friendly relations with the United States, "which the Russians crave so deeply."

But the man in public life must stay off the long limb, must protect his flanks. Thus, Khrushchev is presented as more dangerous, in some respects, than Stalin because "he is less calculating and careful and more impulsive," yet "he is certainly less ruthless and arbitrary."

Among today's Communist leaders, "plans for developing a Russia for the Russians are subordinate to the main goal of world revolution," but among nonparty Russians the "dominant desire is to improve their own living conditions, and . . . they have little interest in furtherance of Communist ambitions abroad." There is no attempt to predict which of these forces will prevail.

Mr. Harriman goes back to his wartime experiences to warn of the unreliability of Soviet promises. "At Potsdam and at a series of foreign ministers' conferences, there were unmistakable signs that Stalin had reconsidered his policy of collaboration with the West." Yet, Mr. Harriman sees today "some hope of reaching a constructive agreement with Khrushchev" on control of arms, and urges that this be pressed since, for Russians, "it will constitute a tacit admission that the threat of American aggression has diminished."



The conclusions and the admonitions, however qualified, have their interest. Yet, for this writer the main value of Mr. Harriman's book is its perceptive, compact, and well-organized reporting of changes in Russia from Stalin's day to Khrushchev's.

It is only one whose experiences in Moscow covered the two periods who could note that, in driving through the city with Khrushchev, "we drove . . . at a reasonable pace . . . There was none of the frenzied speed which Stalin insisted on. No blinds were drawn. No cars full of armed guards preceded us . . ."

Where Stalin used harsh labor laws to enforce discipline in factories, Khrushchev tries to substitute persuasion. The resentments of national minorities, Mr. Harriman observed, have abated under the impact of material progress. Soviet living standards, while low compared with our own, have made rapid progress in recent years. An acute observation, which anticipated Khrushchev's reaction to our packed highways, is that when Russia "catches up" with America, it will still be far different. Russia "will emphasize collective entertainment and recreation —relatively few automobiles, but improved mass transportation."

The former Governor noted the "shoddiness of workmanship and the poor quality of the ever-present concrete" in Soviet house buildings, and sensed the strong urge of Russians for private homes. He found the famine of Stalin's time gone, and the problem now "the monotonous, unbalanced diet." He looked into collective farms and found officials evasive about farmers' income. In industry, he concluded, Khrushchev's program of decentralization has stimulated efficiency and may well bring a substantial rise in productivity. And, though trying to avoid the creation of an intellectual elite, Khrushchev, he reports, is loosening the reins on the intellectuals.

Mr. Harriman's detailed observations are sound, balanced, and have the ring of authority. There are no sensational new theories; none is needed. The conversations with Khrushchev are still revealing, though some of the cream has been skimmed off for magazine publication. With the aid of Charles W. Thayer (once himself an American diplomat in Moscow and now an author in his own right), Mr. Harriman has done a fine piece of reporting.

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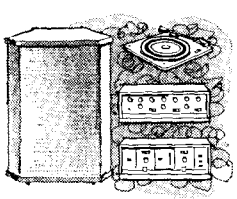

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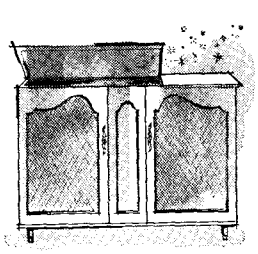

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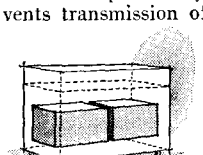

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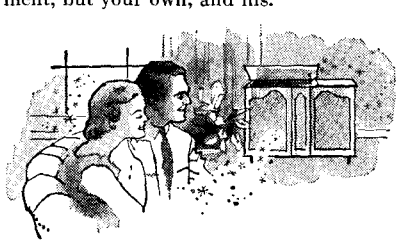

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"The Marriage of Figaro" with a New Best Man

LIKE THE true love it represents, the course of the Metropolitan's new "Marriage of Figaro" does not always run smooth, but it touches many centers of delight—the ear and the eye, especially, and sometimes even the mind. With Erich Leinsdorf in expert command of a well-matched cast and an opulent treatment of Almaviva's castle, inside and out, elaborated by Oliver Messel from his Glyndebourne designs, the only untested factor was Cyril Ritchard's direction.

Had it been pre-tested perhaps, a few of its strained humors might have been quietly forgotten, the sum of its high spirits and easy artifice even higher. For the conception is basically an appealing one, dealing less with symbols and sociology (the conflict of man and master, or the "revolutionary" impulse in Figaro himself) than with humans and their hearts. There is a welcome freshness in this approach, and Ritchard's treatment justifies itself completely, save when he departs from the exercise of his ever-charming wit in search of extraneous (and mostly inappropriate) laughs.

This is a conception that runs counter to the now-canonized one (typified by Carl Ebert at Glyndebourne and Herbert Graf in some recent Metropolitan stagings) in which scarcely a phrase of the music is without its visual counterpoint. Ritchard, clearly, endeavors to illuminate the *text* through the action of his characters (on behalf of an audience to whom the language is not native). He has, however, miscalculated in two respects, it seems to me: operatic Italian is not quite the mystery to a sizeable percentage of the Metropolitan's Mozart-goers that Ritchard appears to believe (though it may be to him), and the way to make a point rib-tickling is with a forefinger, not the jab of an elbow (as the wash-on-the-line, in Act I, which says, rather too loudly: "Look—servant's quarters"). Least of all, with a stamp of Susanna's foot on Marcellina's toe, as the curtain falls on Act II, for a final "boff." Shame on the real Ritchard, who knows better, thinks better, feels better, and has some many really amusing things to say with his action throughout. Deleting a few over-anxious grotesqueries and thinning out the first act business which kept the performers more occupied with their hands and feet (as in Figaro's ponderous fandango) than with their voices would allow the really merry and fine spirit of this staging to be enjoyed in its true light.

That, necessarily, would be one reflected from Mozart's music and its visual counterpart created by Messel. For the first time in years, the Metropolitan has an integrated "Figaro" (costumes as well as scenery) in which a proper distinction is made between mistress and servant (some Susannas of recent times have out-dressed as well as outsung their employers). When the Count enters, in riding boots and flicking his crop, the impression is not so much of a suave philanderer as of a vigorous, out-of-doors sort whose pursuit of Susanna is less wicked than uncontrollable. Within moments there is a clean definition of the two social levels represented in the story.

With the second act we are transformed to another world altogether—from "below-stairs" to front of the house, treated by Messel with a loving elegance that would grace any stage. But the arrangement is not for looks alone—the stage (left) door through which Susanna exits suggests that she is going to the "room" of Act I (a natural enough action). And when she returns to find the noble couple in a quarrel (about the occupant of the closet on the *other* side) there is a screen at hand for cover. The point of it all is that she is now in proper relationship to the Count and Countess *and* the conductor. Clearly, Messel is the best man of this particular "Marriage," which should have many, many happy returns.

Of itself, the musical performance would command high praise thanks to the finely modulated direction of Leinsdorf, and the response of his performers (the first performance was more aggressive, less relaxed than it will be later). Place of honor belongs to Lisa della Casa for the fetching artistry of "Porgi amor," "Dove sono," and the "Letter duet," admirably supported by such veterans of past Metropolitan "Figaros" as Cesare Siepi (is his top beginning to dwindle a bit?) and Mildred Miller's beautifully detailed Cherubino.

Coming together with them for the first time were Elisabeth Soederstroem as Susanna and Kim Borg as her noble pursuer (each a little distracted from top effort by the complications of Ritchard's direction). But her clean precise vocalization and skilfully awkward impersonation promised much for the future, as did his rather bluff, but solidly grounded Count. Here is one Susanna who knows her place—not only in Figaro's arms, but also in relation to her lady (a neat distinction of manner is made, incidentally, when they are *in camera* rather than in public). Borg is not burdened by a virtuoso voice, which means that he works that much harder to make himself a part of the ensemble. He won a particular endorsement from a choosy audience for his solo stints in Act III.

The care with which Ritchard built up his totality was evident otherwise in the well-detailed smaller parts, done in a *Commedia dell 'arte* spirit by Regina Resnick (Marcellina), Ezio Flagello (an accomplished Bartolo), Lawrence Davidson as a tipsy gardener, and even Charles Kullman applying his long experience to the requirements of Basilio. John Butler's well-devised dance sequence in Act III contributed its share to a lively, lovable, lusty "Figaro" which requires only a degree of resolute self-criticism to make it a full-fledged delight.

GIULIETTA Simionato's first Santuzza at the Saturday matinee was a feat to treasure in the memory—a completely realized combination of dramatic song and lyric acting, in which her remarkable vocal span provided, at both ends of the range, values to illuminate the despairing emotion Mascagni wrote into the part. (Little wonder that the first, and one of the greatest of Santuzzas, was Calvé!) In spite of her slight stature, Simionato held the center of the stage wherever she stood, showing that vitalizing ability of the real operatic performer to create a nimbus of attention wherever she takes her place. The thoughtful casting of Jan Peerce provided a Turiddu of approximately her own size, and—what is more important—of her own dramatic temperature, who sustained the excitement to the very end. Rosalind Elias was a helpful Lola, Walter Cassel a masterly whip-snapper (but no whippersnapper) as Alfio, and Thelma Votipka the best of all Mamma Lucias in recent Metropolitan times. The new conductor, Nino Verchi, spread the oil of competence on the troubled dramatic waters in his debut. A less than capacity audience for this non-subscription matinee gave Simionato the operatic equivalent of a twenty-one gun salute, and also demonstrated noisy approval of Cornel MacNeill's thrilling

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performance of the prologue in the following "Pagliacci."

The week was otherwise devoted largely to M's, with a "Carmen" in which Jean Madeira played the gypsy and Maria Nache made her debut as Micaela (somewhat darker in voice, broader in timbre than the ordinary), a "Tosca" directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos, apparently restored to health after his heart ailment of last winter (Zinka Milanov was the Tosca), and a "Manon" directed by Jean Morel with Victoria de los Angeles and Nicolai Gedda. Her effort to add more dramatic detail to her beautiful vocalization was a step in the right direction, though sometimes a tentative one. On the other hand, Gedda's fine command of movement and gesture, coupled with his sensitive treatment of word and note, projects him into the front rank as a *tenor noble*, to adapt a term from the dance world. Giorgio Tozzi as des Grieux, *père*, and Ralph Herbert as Lescaut rounded out a capable cast on a well-dressed stage. Teresa Stratas and Joan Wall made debuts as Pousette and Rosette.

A pianist who plays the Schumann's "Fantasia" as musically as Hans Richter-Haaser did in his Town Hall debut obviously has a place on the contemporary concert scene, though just where is a little undecided. It is a temptation to describe his playing as hard-headed, probably because it has some attributes of tonal hardness derived from his Germanic background. But he is alert to textual and rhythmic values, knows the structure of such a work as Beethoven's "Appassionata" thoroughly and plays with fervor as well as purpose. Whether his tendency to exceed the reasonable limit of inaccuracies was a by-product of the occasion must wait on another time to clarify.

ELEAZAR DE CARVALHO, who was a conducting contemporary of Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood, made his debut as guest director of the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall during the same week. In a sequence that progressed from Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture and Strauss's "Also sprach Zarathustra" to Schoenberg's "Kammersymphonie" (Opus 9b) and Villa-Lobos's "Choros No. 10", de Carvalho advanced steadily closer to the heart of the matter. His Mozart was too roughly accented, the Strauss conducted in sections rather than as a totality (though some of the sections were powerfully done). On a whole the strongest factor in his favor was a warmly plastic orchestral sound that derived from the players' use of more vibrato than they are customarily permitted.

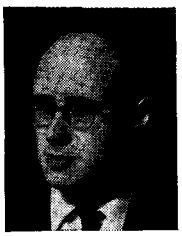
—IRVING KOLODIN.

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Soviet Composers and the Interpreter

By MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH

Editor's Note: This article by the noted Soviet cellist now in this country appeared recently in "Sovetskaia Muzyka." The present translation is by S. Ostrofsky.



M. Rostropovich

WE KNOW that not all listeners have reached a high degree of musical development. Not all, for example, can appreciate complex chamber music works — not only by modern composers, but even by the old masters. It is the duty of every musician to attract ever greater masses to musical culture, to bring his own creative interests and the growing interest of the people toward art closer together. To achieve this it is necessary, most of all, to play music already somewhat familiar but recreated anew, as it were, by the imagination of the talented composer and made meaningful by the great art of the performer.

There was a time when master executants as well as important composers made wide use of favorite tunes from popular operas for the composition of virtuoso variations, fantasias, transcriptions, and paraphrases. This was done not only by young, now forgotten composers, but also by such great musicians as Beethoven, Weber, Liszt, Chopin, and Balakirev. Audiences listened with delight to great performers playing concert pieces based on well-known themes from operas by Mozart, Verdi, Gounod, and Tchaikovsky. But not only operatic excerpts served as material for such pieces. Frequently, fantasias and variations were composed on favorite folk melodies. In our time, this purpose could also be served by mass songs.

There are many beautiful songs that would lend themselves to brilliant development for a variety of instrumental pieces. What offers greater opportunities for the display of musical imagination than a genuine Russian folk song? It would be wonderful, for instance, to hear variations on a contemporary village *chastushka* (a topical four-line verse folk tune—transl.), made with a knowledge of the instrument, effectively and beautifully. How good it would be if our composers created more of such concert pieces, which we performers need so much—especially for popular concerts for the people!

It is sad, by the way, that few of the young composers can write properly for cello or violin. One often meets with a total ignorance of the instrument's special characteristics and even with the notion that the traits of music for the cello are identical with those for the piano. The technical possibilities of instruments are poorly learned by our composers: they seem to forget that this side of music, too, must not remain backward in its development. Effective, tastefully composed virtuoso pieces are always liked by the public; they are needed by teachers and students, for the latter to master various technical difficulties by studying the new, rather than the old played-to-death pieces. It is high time we replaced, by something more musically meaningful, the tiresome and old fashioned "Spinning Wheels," "Polonaises," and "Serenades" written by second-rate composers in the drawing-room style of mid-nineteenth century. As it is, we might as well admit it, our cellists and violinists must constantly play these salon miniatures, for lack of more modern and interesting concert material. We also need new dance-like pieces, compositions in the manner of the twenty-four "Caprices" by Paganini and virtuoso miniatures of programmatic nature. All this must be done on the basis of the rich experience gathered by contemporary musical art, and must be near and clear to the listeners.

During my tour of the newly opened land and the Yenisei Territory [of the Soviet Union] I frequently played the "Five Pieces in Folk Style" by Schumann. This music was always received with enthusiasm. I can recall, also, the "Russian Song" by Stravinsky, which David Oistrakh used to play and which was recently played in our country by the French cellist, Pierre Fournier. This piece is truly Russian in spirit and national color. Our repertory has very few compositions of this sort. What we do have in this field can be counted on the fingers of one hand. In the cello literature, I can remember the Tsintsadze cycle on Georgian folk themes, pieces by N. Rakov and five pieces by Shaporin; for the violin—some early compositions by Khachaturian ("Dance," "Song-Poem," etc.) and M. Vainberg's "Moldavian Rhapsody."

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This kind of music is greeted with delight by the most heterogeneous audiences. From abroad come to mind the beautiful "Roumanian Dances" by Bela Bartok, arranged for the violin. In these pieces, genuine folk themes are combined with an unusual freshness and modernity of expression. Still, this type of music is in an extremely short supply. I believe that inexhaustible riches, for the creation of the most colorful instrumental pieces, are hidden in the multi-national folklore of our country. Have we, for example, even one real concert-stage piece for the violin or cello, based on the rhythms and tunes of Ukrainian or Byelorussian folk dances? And what about the music of the Middle Asian republics—it could provide material for virtuoso compositions not yielding in brilliance to the Rhapsodies of Liszt or Bartok. One must also mention the remarkably vivid folklore of the Transcaucasian republics or Moldavia, already used interestingly in our concert repertoire.

Our composers willingly write complex, monumental concertos, sonatas, and symphonies. They forget, for some reason, the original, artistic miniature, more easily appreciated by the masses of people. It is now, when hundreds of thousands of listeners are craving for music, that it is especially important not to rebuff them with difficult compositions. A brilliant instrumental miniature may be played with success before any audience—in the field, in the shop, and aboard a ship. To play it, an orchestra is not needed, a piano or even an accordion will suffice.

It must be made clear that I do not object to profoundly meaningful and highly organized forms of music. But the composers must find a place in their creative lives for the more popular and accessible music—written, of course, masterfully and with taste. I speak here not of the cheap simplicity for the "uninitiated," but of great artistic simplicity. It is this simplicity that is lacking in our young composers: preferring, for the most part, large symphonic and chamber works, they make their musical idiom unduly complicated.

And yet, there exists a number of interesting possibilities for the creation of intelligible concert pieces. These, however, are poorly utilized. Why, to take only one example, should someone not try to reproduce the motley color, noise, and gaiety of the crowds at our international festivals and mass revelries (let us recall Stravinsky's "Petrouchka")? What a grateful subject that would make, and how richly and excitingly it could be realized! Think of the pleasure that people receive from characteristic sketch-pieces in the manner of Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" or Ibert's "Little White Donkey." This type of program music is still another variety of the easily appreciated pieces. It gives full scope to the creative imagination of composers for giving us descriptive music inspired by our nature, our cities, and the everyday events in our lives. Remember that many Spanish composers were not ashamed to write colorful genre pieces depicting life in Cordoba, Seville, Granada, etc., and that Liszt drew landscapes of Switzerland and pictures of Naples and Venice.

In our country they still play Tchaikovsky's "The Seasons," excellently drawn studies of old Russian life ("Lent," "Song of the Reaper," "Troika," etc.). Could not a contemporary "Seasons" be created that would treat this eternal subject in a new, modern way?

In short, both the experience of the old masters and the demand of the listeners offer the composers numerous interesting solutions. Great boldness, imagination, and taste are required, and, it goes without saying, vivid talent—qualities which many of our composers, no doubt, possess. And given talent and taste, it would seem that any subject could be made into music, as was shown by Moussorgsky in his "Pictures at an Exhibition" and Prokofiev in "Peter and the Wolf" and "Cinderella."

I don't know if the system of giving musical commissions exists in our land, but the Ministry of Culture could, doubtless, display greater activity in attracting our outstanding composers to the creation of concert pieces for various solo instruments.

I appeal not only to the venerable composers of the older and middle generations, but also to our youthful composers. I think that young composers — still conservatory students — would gain immeasurably from a friendly collaboration with performing students. The creative association with a performer would enable the composer to learn thoroughly the technical resources of the instruments, and enrich music with newly discovered and interesting effects. The small pieces composed in this sort of collaboration could then be played at student concerts. No performer would turn down the opportunity of playing virtuoso pieces attractive to the audience.

One of my wishes concerning composers is about various ensembles, particularly those with cellos. As an example of this kind of creativity, I will cite the Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos, who is greatly fascinated by ensemble genres. With Brazilian folk tunes for his thematic material and utilizing the Bach polyphonic system, he composed fifteen suites. The air from his "Bachiana," for soprano and eight cellos, was played several times at my class concerts. This is good, sturdy music, and it reveals rich and new ways of exploiting the instrument. The theme is first introduced by the soprano and solo cello. The instrument unites with voice remarkably well and forms a single, sonorous line. The composer achieves this perfect union of sound because the singer sings a vocalise. The ensemble of cellos accompanies the main melody by guitar-like pizzicatos. The middle part is somewhat melodramatic; here the melody is more declamatory, with words, unlike the first part. The full-blooded tone of the cello ensemble is like that of an organ or even an orchestra. Works for instrumental combinations of the most varied kind (e.g., trio for oboe, cello, and harp; for harp, cello, and a percussion instrument), are not only interesting but also useful, for they permit the study of different orchestral instruments and help in the composition of full orchestral scores.

Heitor Villa-Lobos—"fascinated by ensemble genres."

Returning to my basic theme, I once more want to say to our friends, the composers: "Don't forget the everyday needs of the hundreds of concert executants and the lively demand of the people. Instrumental concertos with full symphony orchestra can be performed, at most, two or three times a season, but interesting small works can be played hundreds of times on different platforms—thus the audience will be considerably greater." Could it be that our composers, as well as the performers, do not want their music to be heard with love and enthusiasm by millions of simple people?

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Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Dance to the City Beat." The Kai Winding Trombones. Columbia CL 1329, $3.98. "Mobile"; "I'm a Ding-Dong Daddy from Dumas"; "Cha Cha Chicago"; and others.	Four trombones and piano, double bass, and drums are utilized here, with Winding's playing outstanding. However, there is a sameness of writing throughout the album (directed more to dancers than to the jazz listener) and the drummer is too well recorded. But "Charleston" is lovely and the album as a whole is very appealing.
"Woody Herman Sextet at the Roundtable." The Woody Herman Sextet. Roulette R-25067, $3.98. "Petite Fleur"; "Early Autumn"; "Moten Swing"; and othtrs.	Woody's bands have always been a marvel of good playing and good music. The sextet he leads here at times develops the exuberance of his former small groups, but rarely forms the glued-together whole of the mid-forties' Woodchoppers. (The anguish of "not-enough-time" is evident). Herman plays rare clarinet on "Princess M" and his alto saxophone sound is as good as ever. Nat Adderley's solo on "Pea Soup" is a brilliant, intense construction; the purity of Charlie Byrd's unamplified guitar is refreshing.
"The Steamer." The Stan Getz Quartet. Verve, MC V-8294, $4.98. "Blues for May Jane"; "Too Close for Comfort"; and others.	Getz is one of the outstanding jazz soloists; he is worth hearing even in the weakened form shown in this album. Unfortunately, the reaction against the cerebral and the cool and the return to the primitive and the hot have intimidated this extraordinary musician; his phrases are not as long and flowing, his choice of tones is more blue. An able rhythm section accompanies.
"Now Dig This! Jazz in Two Keys." Hank Jones, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Charles Persip, drums. Music Minus One MMO Volume 10, $5.95. "Tea for Two"; "The Lady in Red"; and others.	Here is an album permitting the jazz player or singer to perform in his living room with four extremely competent professionals. Each of the songs is played two times in two different keys. The duplication is primarily for the girl singer, for whom standard keys are too low. However Music Minus One records are addressed to the student and the duplication of tunes is an unreasonable expense. Putting the different keys in separate albums would be wiser.
"Love Is a Swingin' Word." Sid Ramin and his orchestra. RCA Victor LPM-1924, $3.98. "Love Is the Sweetest Thing"; "The Glory of Love"; "Love"; and others.	Expertly played, this album is a very imaginative collection of big-dance-band styles (but not, as the sales-grabbing title suggests, jazz). The debt to Sauter-Finnegan, in particular, is most obvious on "Love Is a Simple Thing." When Ramin is most new, one feels he should return to the borrowed. The trombone playing on "Love Is Here to Stay" is superb. The writing for strings is boring, played and recorded nonchalantly. Also, too much double bass.
"Once Upon a Summertime." Blossom Dearie. Verve MG V-211, $4.98. "Manhattan"; "Love Is Here to Stay"; and others.	This lovely creature noodles her way through twelve tunes, not all chosen with impeccable taste. She spoofs, teases, and laments lightly. "Moonlight Saving Time" is a lovely song and is sung with great charm. Blossom has even less "voice" than most jazz singers but she uses what she has with great art. I would rather hear her sing "Doop-Doo-De-Doop (A Doodlin' Song)" (a silly delight) than "Voi Che Sapete" sung by any of 20 current sopranos I can think of.
"Art Ford's Party for Marty." Marty Holmes Octette. Jubilee SDJLP 1099, $5.98. "Duffy's Dilemma"; "Someone to Watch Over Me"; and others.	The Holmes group has sensitivity and cohesion and is delightful to hear except when it tries to be a big band. All of the pieces feature the leader as tenor saxophonist and he is not a big enough boy to carry the ball for almost 40 minutes. The slow pieces are banal but the bright tunes sparkle. The rhythm section is beautifully recorded (the drummer's use of sticks on suspended cymbal is notably restrained but firm) and the inner parts are played with purity and care. Neither the soloists nor the players is listed on the liner.
"Blues with Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee." Studs Terkel, interviewer. Folkways Records FS 3817, $5.95. "Red River Blues"; "Sinner Man"; "Blues"; and others.	Studs Terkel is a fine actor, a good human being, and a serious mind. Why must he come up with the following (an exact quote from the album)? SONNY: "My father, you know, like I hold the harmonica in my hand like that, he could hold it in his mouth and just play it." STUDS: "Without his hands?" SONNY: "Without putting his hands on it." STUDS: "He'd play the harmonica without hands?" SONNY: "Uh-huh." STUDS: "He just had that feeling . . . . ." All three of the interviewed men sing and play well, considering the idiom. Big Bill, despite many limitations of his time sense, shines out. In the spoken parts of this record it is interesting to hear the "natural man" stutter; I thought this was an expression of over-civilization.
"Everybody Digs Bill Evans." Bill Evans Trio. Riverside RLP 12-291. $5.95. "Minority"; "Young and Foolish"; "Lucky to Be Me"; "Night and Day"; "Epilogue"; "Tenderly"; "Peace Piece"; "What Is There to Say?"; "Oleo"; "Epilogue."	In some ways Evans is the best pianist I know. He works with original materials, he has compositional talents of a high order, and he makes the piano sound like no one else can. On this album he is accompanied by bassist Sam Jones and drummer Philly Joe Jones. They provide the typical New York accompaniment without which life would not seem to exist here in the East. They are also not really right for Evans's type of playing but he wants their strength. I should like to hear him under circumstances which would fully accommodate his greatness, however. Evans is one of the few white jazzmen acceptable to the Crow Jim thinking prevalent among critics and jazzmen. Others will like him too.
"The Jazz Soul of Porgy and Bess." Conducted, orchestrated and arranged by Bill Potts. United Artists UAL 4032, $4.98. Music from Porgy and Bess.	Whatever deficiencies can be found in this album, an important point has to be made: The men who put this album together spent a great amount of time here and assembled the work with extraordinary care. The large jazz orchestra which was used has no deviations in personnel and the album was recorded in three consecutive days. Although we infrequently hear an orchestra play with the cohesiveness which groups had in the thirties and forties, this orchestra at least has a distinct group sound. Particularly appealing were the solos of tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, pianist Bill Evans, and trumpeter Markie Markowitz. The latter, not heard from for quite a while, plays an utterly poignant solo on "My Man's Gone Now."
"Easy Now." Ruby Braff and His Men. RCA Victor LSP-1966, $4.98. "My Walking Stick"; "I Just Couldn't Take It, Baby"; "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street"; "Willow Weep for Me"; "Give My Regards to Broadway"; "Yesterday"; "Someday You'll Be Sorry"; "The Song Is Ended but the Melody Lingers On"; "This Is My Lucky Day"; "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day"; "For Now."	Ruby Braff is one of the only original young men in jazz today. He plays differently and with great vivacity. He has integrity. One has the feeling that he means a note. Not surprisingly, his best qualities in this age of conformity are those which hurt him most. His colleague on this record is Roy Eldridge, although this fact is not mentioned on the album front. Eldridge plays with his old verve and life. The two are not as compatible as Braff imagines them, but it is certainly interesting to hear them together. At times, Eldridge reminds one of his playing in the forties. In a way a little too well recorded and with arrangements of an inane nature, the album is still very worthwhile.

—William Russo.

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The Sound of Yesterday

JOHN HAMMOND has left so many footsteps on the sands of time that those who don't know him may wonder two things: a) If the boyish pictures have anything to do with his present appearance (they do); b) How anyone could be involved in so much short of being fifty, at least (He is not much short). Thanks to some unexpected sources of documentation, those who were not listening to jazz in the late Thirties can now retrace some of those footsteps, and from the observatory post labeled Hindsight, calculate how many have followed in his path and profited by (and from) his example.

John Hammond

I can still see, plain as the paper before me, John Hammond sitting, stage right, in Carnegie Hall on December 23, 1938, jittering violently to some sounds or other. Or as one paper reported of that first "Spirituals to Swing" concert: "the M.C." (the jittering Hammond) "gave one of the best performances of the evening." But I would have confessed to a complete blank as to the sounds themselves (the eye is apparently a much more sensitive medium of recollection than the ear) until Vanguard 8523-4 ($7.96) reached me a few days ago. The two LPs contain the precious residue of the first and second (1939) "Spirituals to Swing" concerts lovingly processed by Seymour Solomon and his technical aides from the acetates which Hammond caused to have made at the time.

Here we have nothing more nor less than the sound of yesterday. All sorts of doubters may write all sorts of things about one or another aspect of the Thirties, but in these records (and a handful of others) are preserved the authentic sounds of that tonal outburst in which a popular art a long time in the launching finally exploded with a radiance that illuminated the total landscape and hasn't quite faded yet. Hammond's first "STS" concert followed, of course, the historic Benny Goodman concert of the preceding January, and exceeded its predecessor by being devoted wholly to Negro practitioners of the Negro's art. It introduced the celebrated trio of Ammons, Johnson, and Lewis to New York (incidentally starting a nationwide vogue for boogie which gave the Cafe Society night club its long-enduring attraction), brought the Mitchell's Christian Singers out of obscurity (briefly), and launched blues singer Sonny Terry on the way that brought him to "Finian's Rainbow" among other things.

THE second concert, on Christmas eve of the following year, was more of a hybrid. It called upon such "commercial" elements as the Benny Goodman Sextet in its Hampton-Bernstein-Christian days, the Golden Gate Quartet, Ida Cox, etc., as well as the ever-ready Basie Band (brought together, perhaps, because this was a benefit for a short-lived enterprise called the Theatre Arts Committee). For some, its most memorable sequence was a mammoth jam session on "Lady Be Good" (combining the talents of Basie's men, the Goodman group, and the boogie pianists) which may be heard here mounting to a frenzy of controlled professionalism.

If there is a complaint about the collection—and only a dedicated fault finder would find fault with it—it is that the two concerts are inextricably mixed up, that elements from both appear on each of the discs, that the Goodman group is used as a commercial come-on on each A side, and the special flavor that distinguished one event from the other is effectively dissipated. This makes no never-mind so far as listening pleasure in "Blues with Lips" (Oran Page on trumpet with his old Kansas City buddies of the Basie band), or James P. Johnson's "Mule Walk," or the New Orleans Feetwarmers' "Weary Blues" (a solid chunk of the inimitable Sidney Bechet on clarinet) are concerned, but it does limit the extent to which the total serves a documentary purpose. However, there are many pearls beyond price in four sides of highly discriminating performance, including Lester Young on clarinet in "Blues with Helen" (Humes), a light-footed "Don't Be That Way" in which members of the Basie band pay their sophisticated respects to Edgar Sampson's tune-of-the-year, and a rousing "Done Got Wise" by Big Bill Broonzy, who was an unknown when he stalked out on the stage with the guitar dangling from his lofty shoulders, but—having sung one number—was never unknown again. Doubtless there are profound ramifications to be deduced from the "spirituals to swing" gambit, but it would be a presumption for me to pursue them. As music, as entertainment, as most melodious history, this album is an Indispensable. Considering the imperfect source material, the good sound of the final product reflects an extraordinary technical accomplishment.

Though there is no visible influence of Hammond on the MGM enterprise called "A Treasure Chest of Benny Goodman" (MGM 3 E 9, $11.94) he must have been lurking in the background of many of the broadcast sessions, from hotel spots, night clubs, dance halls, etc., which provided the basis of forty-odd performances by THE Goodman band (all others were, to some extent or other, imposters). It was, of course, the one that included Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Vido Musso, Jess Stacy, Hymie Shertzer, Gordon (Chris) Griffin, Gene Krupa, Vernon Brown, Hampton and Wilson, Red Ballard, etc. This was more than a musical organization appearing for work a certain number of times a week, and drawing generous (or at least adequate) pay-checks on schedule. It was a cross between a group of close-harmony singers—only as much rehearsal could have produced the ensemble—and the crew of an eight-oar shell (only as much joy of participation could have engendered such drive to a total expression). Most of us grumbled, at the time, that the studio recordings, with their dull acoustics and truncated frequency range, were only a dim suggestion of the real thing. Broadcasts, it may be remembered, if not all-out "hi-fi," were vastly closer to reality.

THESE sides (as previous sampling on Columbia OL 180, $9.98) prove that not only the judgment but the thing was decidedly real. There are some sluggish sequences weighted down by the thudding force of Krupa, but a good many more in which the subtle skill of Goodman, the flaring brilliance of James, and the lively zest of Stacy spark a blaze of response from the total personnel. There are even two or three items never before available on records, but the meat course is the one that counts—the red-blood nourishment of "Big John Special," "When Buddha Smiles," "Handful of Keys," "If Dreams Come True," etc., which call back the past in a manner to shame the present.

A small infusion of misrepresentation is connected with the use of some sides utilizing Charlie Christian on guitar (he didn't come East until after the time period indicated). James T. Maher's notes are exhaustively informative, and a bit breathless in their adulation. The technical work is expert, though no effort has been made to reconcile varied room sound. —I.K.

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Spotlight

On Moderns

WEBER: *Fantasia (Variations), Op. 25; Concertino for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet and String Quartet, Op. 45; Serenade for Strings, Op. 46. William Masselos, pianist. Soloists and the Galimir String Quartet.* Epic BC 1022, $5.98.

Mechanically, Weber uses the twelve-tone serial process in his writing. Emotionally and stylistically, he is decidedly romantic and even when he chooses to be sparse, he is always sensuous. He assembles notes the way a superb chef assembles his culinary ingredients. And since I know that Weber is both a sensitive and masterful cook himself, I find that his music is often as savory.

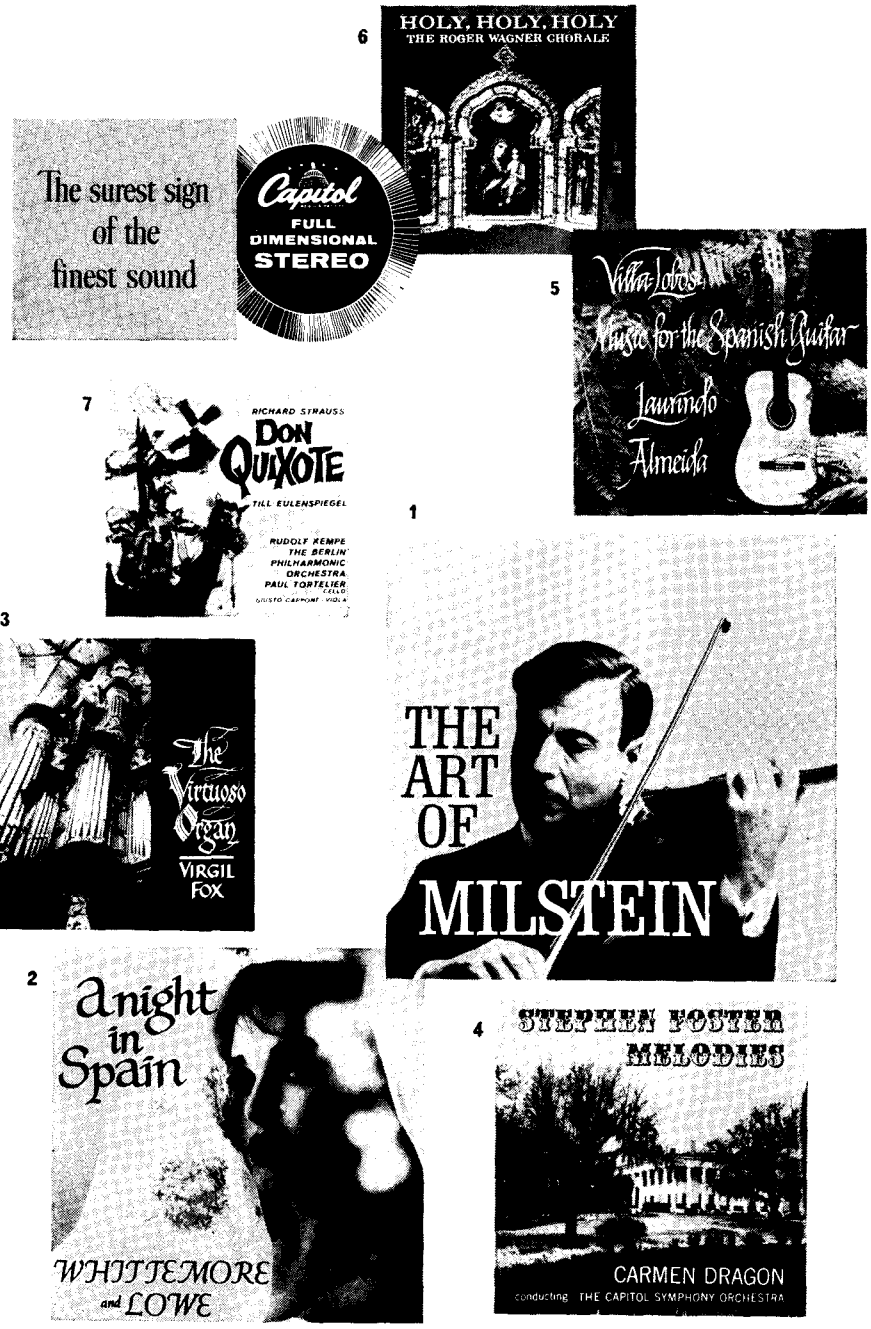
Those who relish musical concoctions such as Weber's will find most of them to their liking; some simply may not.

The Fantasia (Variations) are splendidly played by William Masselos, for whom they were written. Masselos should have a ticker-tape parade for the way he plays his contemporaries — perhaps Moscow will offer him a prize. The work itself is an imaginative and romantic piece that evokes somewhat the shades of Liszt and Scriabin more than the Viennese composers. Its rhapsodic nature makes it seem longer than it is, but it is never tiresome.

The Concertino for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet and String Quartet is performed with great sensitivity by the Galimir String Quartet with such incomparable instrumentalists as Julius Baker, flutist; Harry Shulman, oboist; and Alexander Williams, clarinetist. Of the three movements of this work, the second, or slow movement, is the most distinguished; it is moving, though mournful, and coloristically it is sensitive and touchingly poignant.

The principal problem that arises here is one that besets most of the twelve-tone composers and that is the matter of individuality. The first and second movements, for all Weber's perceptiveness and skill, succeed in sounding like an endless number of writers who follow the same compositional guide posts.

The most ingratiating of these recorded works is the Serenade for Strings. It wears very well with repeated playing and the performance and sound are remarkably satisfactory.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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From Newark to the Rue d'Artois

PARIS

I HATE vocal groups, especially as identified these days with the merits of a soft drink or cigarette. When Andy and the Bey Sisters came on, after Réne Utreger and his sister finished a set at the Blue Note on the Rue d'Artois, I signaled for the bill. I knew what Andy and the Bey Sisters were going to be. They would be all teeth and phony hipsterism, Uncletomism at its worst, saying things like, "And now, for your listening pleasure, we want very much to do our own arrangement of Billy Rose's immortal 'Barney Google.' I had seen The Hi-Los, The Treniers, The King Sisters, The Thing Sisters, The Crosby Boys, Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers Featuring the World's Tallest Midget, Andy Williams . . . "Out," I said to my wife.

Andy and the Bey Sisters began with "Pretty Baby" (nobody sings "Pretty Baby") and I sat up straight. Except for the first time I heard Clara Ward and her Famous Ward Singers at Newport, I never have been so arrested by the sound of human voices. The Sisters—Gerry and Salome—are two pretty girls who at first communicate the awkwardness of persons just out of their teens who have had a knock or two and yet have not learned to translate it into ease. That is, at first. Later one realizes that long before the knocks came, these two knew their talent could survive anything, that it would serve them, that they could use it to survive more. Their voices have a texture you can feel rubbing into you, like a good night wind. Their manners on the stage—they stand there with an assumed shyness, dressed in street clothes—also rub in: you can hear them saying, "We're doing this for *our* kicks." Behind them, at the piano, Andy accentuates their rhythm both with his fingers and his low, growling voice.

These three children—Andy is nineteen (the prodigy in a family of nine offspring), and the girls are in their early twenties—came out of Newark, New Jersey. They are Muslims. Their father is a window cleaner. Nobody else in the family is musical. They sang together when they were children, and later each sang singly. Gerry was active in churches and at one time thought of going on the concert stage: "I took myself very seriously then," she says. They also take themselves seriously now, but in a different direction.

The Beys—Andy, Salome and Gerry

Thus far they still are trying things—"We are trying to sing what we feel, that's all," says Gerry, who is twenty-three and usually speaks for the group. None can read. Andy has been picking things out on the piano since he was three. They began singing together on dates in the Catskills about three years ago. An agent heard them and sent them to Miami, where they played four weeks with the Step Brothers and Cab Calloway. The experience did nothing to harm them. At the AGVA auditions in 1958 another agent said he could find work for them in Europe, and they decided to come here to find out more about what they are doing with their turn. They have sung everywhere to raves: in Spain, in Germany, in England, in France. They have managed to send home money to help support their family. They are eager to get back to the United States, and will go as soon as they believe they are ready, and this in itself is interesting. Many Negro musicians stay over here because life has become all but intolerable in the United States. The Bey kids state that that is no special bug for them; in fact, Salome says, "We feel maybe prejudice makes you work harder, to try to prove what you can do, try to make yourself better." Marlon Brando heard them one night and put down his Zen book long enough to mutter that they were great. "I'm going to tell Ed Sullivan about you," he said. They don't know if he told Sullivan or not, but it doesn't matter to them. They are more interested, right now, in developing. It is only a matter of time before they get the audience they want, they feel, and they are absolutely right.

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

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See Classified, Page 49.

Prefab Era

Continued from page 15

Republican, either Capitalist or Socialist. Each conflict ended in a stalemate and each stalemate provided the occasion for a mutation of interest, a global change of mood which made the old battle cries appear meaningless and directed yesterday's passions towards new targets. Halfway through the Thirty Years' War its character became transformed from a conflict between Churches into a conflict between Dynasties and Nations; in a series of evolutionary jumps, religious awareness mutated into national, then into social awareness.

There are signs that a new mutation of this kind is on its way. If the stalemate can be made to last another few decades, a new generation, deaf to the old slogans, immune to ideologies, may put an end to the Age of the Paradox. For the postwar generation expresses to a remarkable degree that trend towards uniformity and standardization which was my starting point; and reports indicate that this also applies to the other side. The young technocrats, bureaucrats, engineers, and managers over there seem to regard the bearded statues of Marx as a Victorian relic, and to take much the same attitude to his philosophy as the students of our red-brick universities to the "White Man's Burden."

After the ideological debauches of the first half of the century, a process of sobering up seems to have set in, leading to a somewhat dreary, rather tasteless and standardized world—but at least a world that acquiesces in its own survival.

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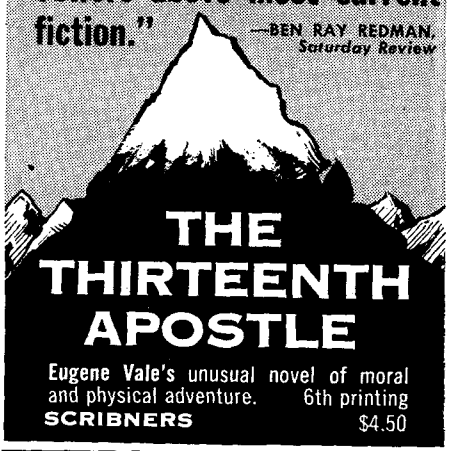

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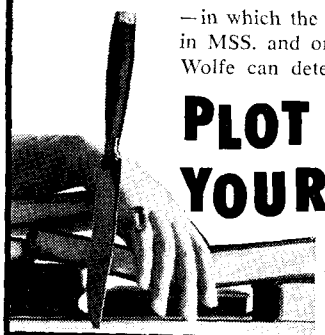

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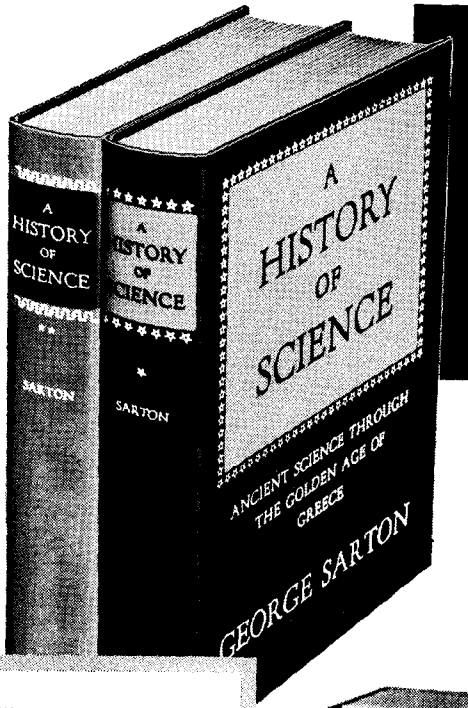

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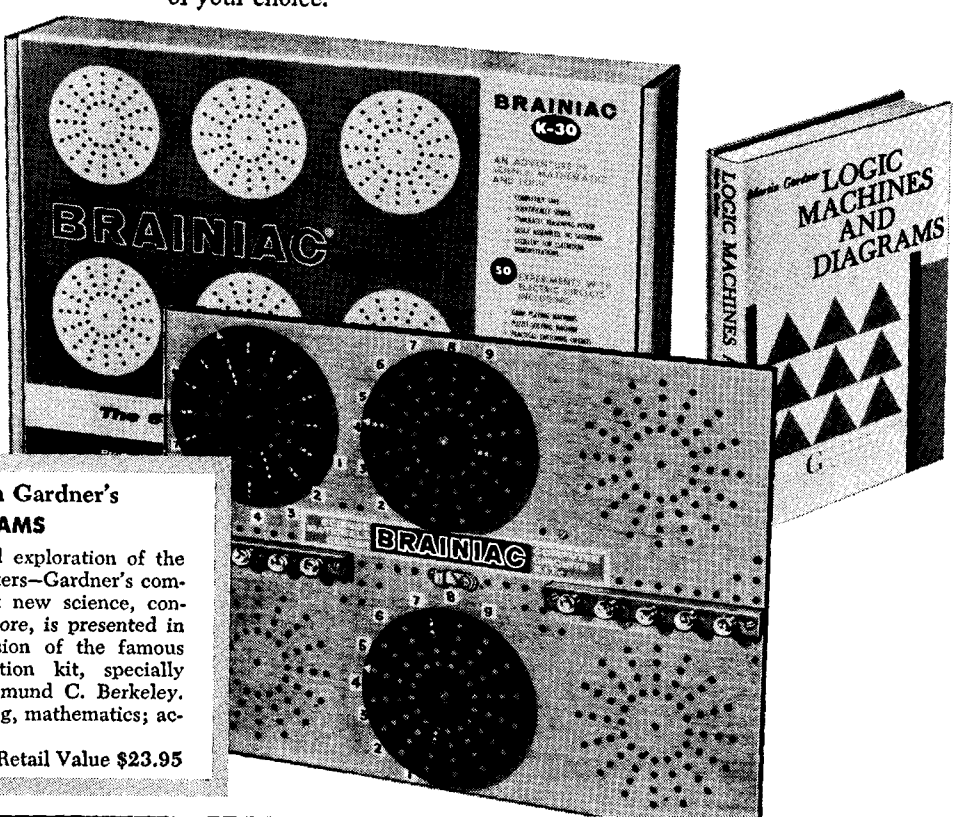

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MAN is a Sun-roused dreamer, en route to tomorrow, a place he spins out of himself across the emptiness of time from gossamers of his imaginings. As he goes, he peoples the loneliness he feels but cannot see with dreams, which, having no feet, can never stumble as he does. These dreams he perpetuates in fairy tales and legends, with heroes he can imitate and magic he can use to explain away those things that he cannot yet bring true. His urge to suppose is so powerful, his reaching into the not-yet so insistent, that he sometimes pushes his mind beyond his body to the point where he seems to be two people. Madness lies along this road—and genius.

Whence springs this always forward looking spirit that dominates the human species? This eternally outbound imagination—is it somehow shared with the stars, which are spit into space like seeds from flower-like clouds of primordial gas (one such, the Trifid nebula in the constellation Sagittarius, is pictured above in a photo that graces "Spectrum," a new science book by Henry Holt) and thus sped off into vast tomorrows of their own for unknown rendezvous? Does man drink up this knowing hunger from his parent star, the Sun, which each day burns away a portion more of the energy that sustains us all here on Planet No. 3 as the solar system spins around the 200,000,000-year-long rim of the Milky Way?

How far back can this awareness of the future be traced into the million years of our evolution? Is it the same compulsion that tells birds when and where to migrate, how long to stay with their young, when and on what route to fly back home? Is it what tells bears when to go to sleep to escape the winter? Does it inform the Atlantic fireworm that the Moon is full, that the Sun went down fifty-five minutes ago, and that the time of the month has come to light up and breed in the sea around Bermuda? Is this memory of what will be the reason why the seaweed *Dictyota* awaits both the full Moon and the high tide to release its reproductive cells upon the waters? Does a sixth sense of anticipation explain the potato's ability to predict the weather?

These questions have up to now been relegated to metaphysics. Answers have been left to preachers, priests, and mystics. But science has finally encompassed enough of the undefinable in physics that a few daring minds are beginning to think in terms of what Dr. Fred L. Polak, brilliant cultural sociologist of the University of Rotterdam in Holland, calls bio-philosophy. Some of the possessors of this new courage will meet and talk together at the University of Chicago during the week of this coming Thanksgiving Day as a way of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of publication of Charles Darwin's theory of evolution in the now historic book, "The Origin of Species."

In a paper that has already reached the hands of the fifty eminent thinkers who will join the debate, Dr. Polak suggests that "mental processes of imagination and speculation that are generally regarded as absolutely worthless and even dangerous [to rigorous scientific discipline] might be the key to an unfinished chapter in the evolutionary process, which may at once be its essence and its perfection."

"Can we," he asks, "will we discover the missing links in the chain joining all life on Earth, so that the spiritual and moral status of man at least will not be left offside as an inexplicable unicum that has dropped from the skies, so to speak? Does an incomprehensible gap have to be left just at the peak of the alleged evolution and its harmonious sequence—a vacuum which will be not only a living accusation to science but which may ultimately make people wonder afresh whether this evolutionary theory has not after all been a huge mistake on the part of an overwrought science?

"PRACTICALLY every primitive human impulse toward religion, worship, and ethics is, I think, more or less associated in the first instance with the biologically purposed and pursued optimum improvement of the chances of survival—survival of the tribe or group here on Earth—survival of the individual after death and via the grave in a blissful or wretched abode set up by the power of imagination."

"Spiritual activity assumes a spiritual agency," Dr. Polak observes, "a spiritual agency operating *within* the evolutionary process. Whether this agency was applied beforehand to the process extraneously or from above by a superior, all-enfolding power is no longer an urgent scientific problem but a matter of belief and religion. But it *is* of scientific importance whether such an agency exists and if so how it works."

Perhaps, he says, there may be "a current of time that really exists and is pregnant with spirit or spiritual energy, not abstract, indifferent or inert but expressed by a forward-looking dynamism existing throughout the universe and in all matter." Reluctance to face and examine such possibilities because they are utter unknowns at present "may . . . lead to unintentional suppression or emaciation of the known," he warns. And "in this connection I do want to point out that this hypothetical, supplementary substructure for a unified evolutionary theory

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. . . demands attention to the future not merely as an abstract category. . . .

"There is no avoiding the strict logic that if a conscious, purposive, direct, and far-sighted orientation upon the future were to weaken or vanish, if the challenging future were no longer to receive a timely and adequate, forward looking and imaginative response, then not only would energetic forward movement and creative purpose cease, but our existing type of culture might decay and petrify. More, a counter-evolutionary and counter-selective motive force might then impel a gradual slipping down, to fall irresistibly at a given point to a far lower level, accompanied by transformation to or absorption by other types of culture testifying to better-directed prevision and greater spiritual fitness or fecundity. Biological evolution comprises such intermediate stages of vital regression or lethal annihilation of certain kinds of life.

"MANY observers believe that especially that typical totality of human life and endeavor which we commonly call Western culture is showing rather alarming symptoms of apathy and aversion, even of negativism and defeatism, precisely toward belief in a different and better time to come. A regressive tendency has appeared, withdrawing from idealistic renewal and constant concern about future survival to the restricted day-by-day anxiety about existential self-preservation in the incidental events of the present time. . . .

"A dangerous, gaping spiritual vacuum thus threatens to originate, all the more dangerous because in other parts of the world a simultaneous phenomenal motive force is expanding, electrifying images of the future with values and standards partly antithetic to our Western spirit, thrusting up new 'types' of culture with great attractive power. The ideological contrasts that are aroused have called forth a new kind of spiritual struggle for existence.... I am convinced the struggle will be won by the force that is ultimately strongest in predominant images of the future."

Whether or not they would accept his thesis that science might and should try to bridge the worlds of fact and faith with a unified theory of evolution, there are American biologists who share Dr. Polak's preoccupation with the threat of engulfment of Western culture by a rival civilization. Among them the sharpest spokesman, perhaps because he speaks from the refuge of retirement, is Dr. Oscar Riddle, who was for many years engaged in research on heredity at the Carnegie Institution Station for Experimental Evolution at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. Writing in a recent issue of *The Humanist*, Dr.

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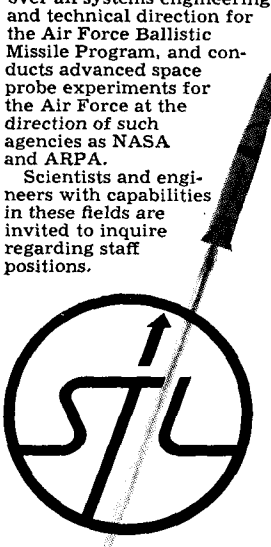

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By CHARLES SINGER

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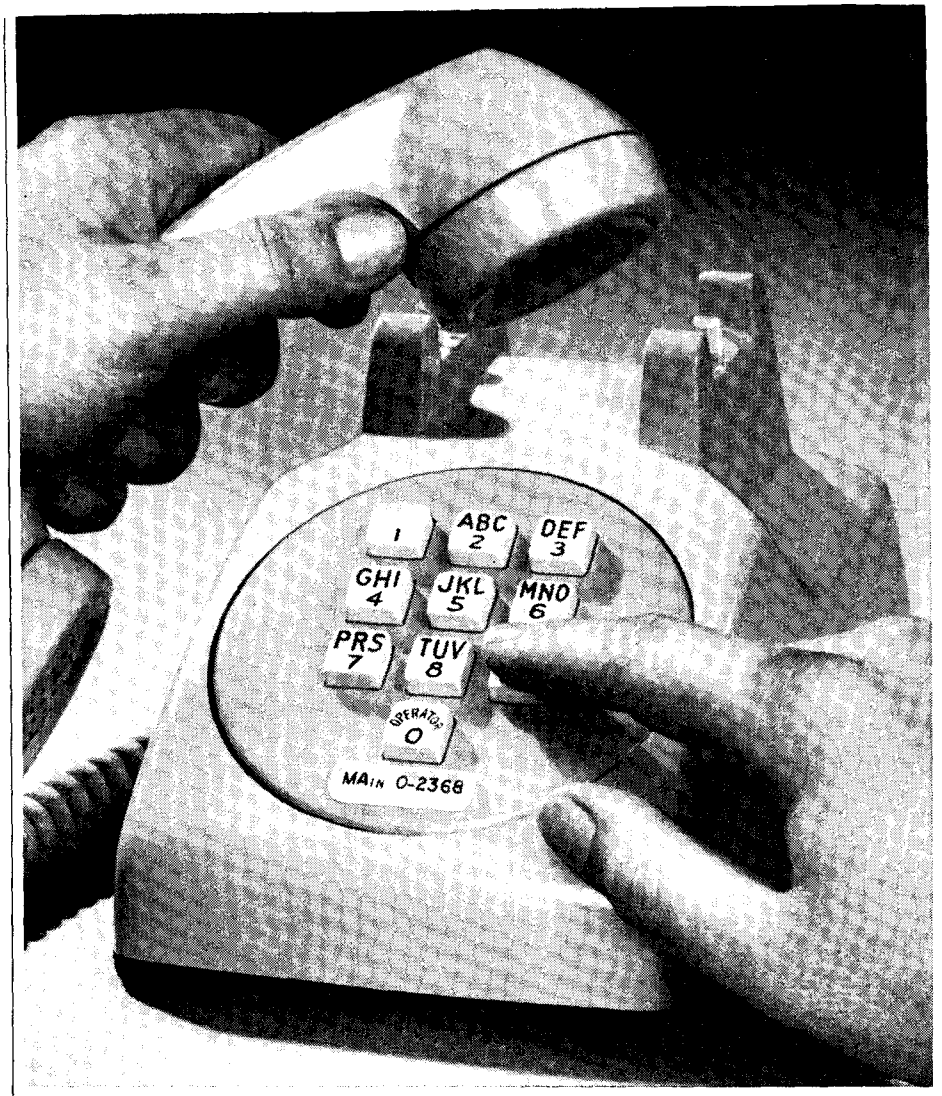
Riddle quoted from Adlai E. Stevenson's observations on weeks of travel in the Soviet Union: "Many of us seem to rely on some mystical God-given superiority of the white Western world to save us. And my concern is that there is evidence that the Communists accept the reality of the human condition more than we do." Adding his own comment on the Soviet "giant that . . . chanced to be born near the beginning of the Age of Science [and] had the wit and used the opportunity to discard ecclesiastical tradition and to accept science for what it is—namely, the foe of supernaturalism," Dr. Riddle bluntly declared:

"WHETHER it is mere coincidence or is vitally meaningful, the first nation that ever swept religion completely from its schools also quickly put theologically unhedged science there. Its success in science education has never been approached on this planet. Starting forty years ago with a poor and war-crushed people, seventy per cent illiterate, it now annually trains more than twice as many scientists and engineers as does the United States."

"Seventeen months after the first Sputnik," he found, "Western peoples and institutions remain subservient to ancient elements of . . . deflated divine revelation. . . . During a complete century since the Darwin of 1859, scholarship has held in its hands the irrefutable evidence that living things—from invisible microbe to man—slowly acquired their present dimensions, properties and functions (including consciousness) under such analyzable natural law as variations and natural selection. . . . [Yet] during the whole of this transitional century . . . our now misplaced supernaturalism, slightly mitigated, but persisting into the new Age of Science, has left our social and political leadership unprepared to define accurately our present problems."

"We dare not leave it to the Soviets alone to offer men the inspiration that is to be gained from the wonderful world view opened up by Darwin and other Western biologists," agrees Dr. Hermann J. Muller, the Nobel laureate geneticist. "One hundred years without Darwinism is enough," he told the Central Association of Science and Mathematics Teachers at Indianapolis last December. Though school administrators deride his assertion that the teaching of evolution is denied children by law in some of the states, no one accuses him of inventing the conversations he says he has had concerning "the . . . immediate need . . . for the preparation and adoption of high-quality texts that give evolution its due axial position and deal with it out-



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ON THE BOARDS . . . If it's possible to be more than ubiquitous, the tape recorder does just that this time of year. With little theaters getting back to full operation, you find Westchester Hamlets and Larchmont Portias learning lines by recording them and playing them back. Tape is fine for sound effects, background music and special effects during performances, too.

ON THE CAMPUS . . . Reading classroom notes to a recorder or making oral notes on tape while studying is accepted practice among students in many fields. The learning process is aided, storage is safer and it's a lot easier to listen to a playback than to try figuring out scrawled notes months after they were made. Thus, "SCOTCH" BRAND Tapes go to college.

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spokenly and adequately." In one of those talks, he reports, "the author of one of our most widely used high school biology texts has informed me that if he had insisted on this policy [of teaching evolution in its true perspective] his book would have been rejected by the publishers. A representative of the publishers has next asserted that the fault was not theirs, since if they had been on the level with the children (an expression not used by him!) the book would have been rejected in southern states . . . and by many textbook commissions and schoolboards in other parts of the United States as well. . . ."

THE central problem in acceptance of the implications of evolution is the same today as it was in the Bible story, where Jacob wrestled with the angel long ago. Man still finds it hard to face the emptiness of the universe alone. His loneliness probably is, in fact, deeper than ever now because the cosmos he is aware of has expanded. Once the navel of all that mattered, the planet Earth has shrunk to a tiny island in one of no one knows how many archipelagos of space, set behind a lagoon of air, guarded by reefs of magnetism, on the edge of a stormy electrical sea that beats against billions of starry continents.

Knowledge of the immensity about us has come to us mostly in the hundred years since the London publishing house of John Murray sold to bookshops all 1,250 copies of the first edition of "The Origin of Species" on November 24, 1859. On the other hand, there was no United Nations in which men could learn to share global responsibility for human fate when Darwin wrote the words that made man a timeless being.

Darwin could not believe in a personal God because "there seems to me too much misery in the world" to be deliberately hatched by anyone worth believing in. Yet he withheld his great idea for twenty years in fear of ridicule and finally brought it out only after Alfred Wallace hit upon almost the same conception. Even after the original scientific papers of the two men had been read in July, Darwin debated whether he needed to reassure the book publisher "that I do not bring in any discussion of Genesis. . . ."

The issue today is not religion but freedom for the responsible individual. That was also the issue for Darwin. Only the stage on which it confronts us is larger than the stage Darwin spoke from, as the following pages will testify.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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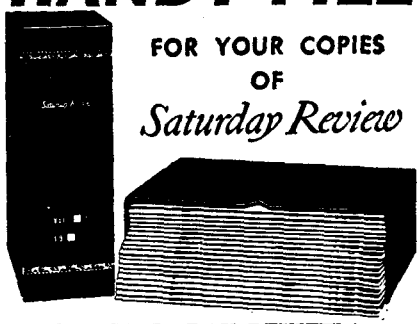

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

Origin of Species — II

EVOLUTION vs. SLAVERY

American Science Made a Key Contribution to Darwin's Theory; It Arose From Our Greatest Crisis — The Civil War

TO TIE the great mass of classified knowledge of plants and animals together into a pattern was Charles Darwin's best hope for direct evidence for evolution. He could not make one species from another even in the garden or breeding pen. He could not find a record of the exact moment of transmutation preserved from past geologic ages. He could and did get his evidence of evolution from the way in which organisms were distributed over the Earth.

The creation of the new sub-science of plant geography was thus a major pre-condition to giving the theory of evolution a valid scientific basis. Four men shaped this essential prop. Together they organized the data, applied statistical methods, and reached some preliminary generalizations from the accumulated knowledge of a generation of unprecedented exploration of the whole globe.

[The four men were Darwin himself, his fellow countryman Sir Joseph Hooker, Alphonse De Candolle of France, and the American Asa Gray.]

* * *

Asa Gray was born on Sunday, November 18, 1810, back of the tannery where his father, Moses Wylie Gray, was a journeyman. There, in the high-shouldered green hills of the Saquoit Valley in central New York State, the Grays lived less than ten miles from the route of the Erie Canal. The few positive bits of information concerning his early years support the tradition that Asa was an avid reader. He himself gives the age at which he started to school as three. He spent at least one year in a private school taught by the son of the village pastor. Later, at Clinton Grammar School, "I was drilled after a fashion in the rudiments of Latin and Greek for two years . . . "

After one year in the Academy at Fairfield, in the Adirondacks, Asa abandoned his plans to go to college by switching to Fairfield's medical school—the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District, which conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Medicine. More importantly, it made him a protege of James Hadley, the professor of chemistry and *materia medica*, who fortified Gray with a letter of introduction to one of the foremost American botanists, Dr. John Torrey.

Asa himself probably could not explain the spell which botany cast over him, but from this point onward the study of plants became his business, his delight, his ambition.

As an embryo recapitulates rapidly the evolutionary history of its race, Gray, in changing from doctor to scientist, passed rapidly through the primitive stages of botany. The physician-naturalist turned into the teacher and collector. From the field he entered the library, herbarium, and laboratory to become a specialist in classification. He was then ready to examine the broader bearings of botany.

[At twenty-five he had scaled the heights on which the preceding generation stood and was ready for new adventures. At twenty-six he was invited to join the Wilkes Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and the South Seas. At twenty-eight he declined that invitation to become instead Professor of Botany in the University of Michigan and to tour Europe buying that new western institution a library—and, incidentally, meeting for the first time "Mr. Darwin, the naturalist who accompanied Captain King (sic) in the *Beagle*."]

The graduate of a country medical school who had never gone to college was henceforth a *savant*. The few in America who might have challenged him in breadth of culture and experience claimed him instead as their peer. And on March 26, 1842 the President and Fellows of Harvard voted "to open a correspondence with Dr. Asa Gray with a view to his being appointed to the professorship of natural history."

The new professor did not lose a day in broadcasting the news to the South, to the West, and to Europe. "I have just come on to Cambridge, to take possession of the botanical professorship, and of the Botanic Garden which we hope to renovate and make creditable to the country and largely subservient to botanical science."

Gray had committed himself to North American botany, whose scope was geared to American expansion. Manifest destiny carried beyond the bounds of United States territory, leading to filibusters in Central America, expeditions to the Amazon, and diplomatic gestures which suggested the acquisition of Cuba. The North Pacific Exploration Expedition surveyed places, through the Ryukyu island chain and across to the Bonins, whose names would one day loom large in American history.

As will appear later, botanical specimens collected in these places made Asa Gray the first botanist ever to gain a simultaneous and accurate knowledge of the general outlines of the vegetation of eastern North America, western North America, and eastern Asia represented by Japan. Gray had in hand enough good material to be able to see the floristic relationships of the whole Northern Hemisphere. The thousands of seemingly insignificant dried specimens were, for the mind that could see them in global terms, the keys to a major scientific discovery.

* * *

Asa Gray did not discover Darwin. On the contrary, Darwin discovered Asa Gray. It happened through Gray's correspondence with Hooker concerning Hooker's new book, "Flora of New Zealand." In April 1855, Darwin tested directly his opinion of Gray's worth. With his scratchy but precise hand he wrote a letter which began in the depths of humility.

"I hope that you will remember that I had the pleasure of being introduced to you at Kew." He wished to beg a favor which he hoped would cause no trouble. "As I am no Botanist, it will seem so absurd to you my asking botanical questions, that I may premise that I have for several years been collecting facts on 'Variation' & when I find that any general remark seems to hold good amongst animals, I try to test it in Plants."

The question concerned the range of Alpine plants in the United States. Darwin had copied a li t of them from

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Wisteria

Gray's "Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States." "I want to know whether you will be so very kind as to append from memory (I have not for an instant the presumption to wish you to look to authorities) the other habitats or ranges of these plants." Were they indigenous, or were they found also in Arctic America, Arctic Europe, Arctic Asia, or the mountains of Europe? And how high are the White Mountains? And had Gray published a list of North American plant species common to Europe? "Should you think it very presumptuous in me to suggest to you to publish (if not already done) such a list in some Journal?"

In answering this first letter, Gray had, besides the answer to Darwin's questions, a counterproposition to make. He was just beginning to revise the "Manual" for the second edition. If Darwin "will kindly give me hints as to what is needed, and how to do it, I will undertake the comparison of the plants of this moderate area (bounded by the Atlantic coast, New Brunswick, St. Lawrence, Great Lakes, Mississippi & Potomac or Chesapeake Bay) with the General N. amer. flora and with that of the northern part of the old world . . . "

Gray's analysis of the "Manual" data rapidly took shape, the first part of his "Statistics of the Flora of the Northern United States" appearing in the *American Journal of Science* in September 1856. This article, which was omitted from Gray's collected works and is seldom referred to by twentieth-century scientists, is a landmark in the history of American botany and one of the foundation papers in the science of plant geography. With some hints from De Candolle and with the guidance of Darwin's incisive questions, Gray took the important step of applying statistics to the analysis of floristic units.

Statistics applied to the data of biology was one of the necessary tools which Darwin had to employ to convert the conventionally arranged information of the 1850's into a new pattern. At base, the idea he had taken from Malthus of the struggle for life (the essay, "Population," first inspired Darwin's thinking) was a statistical concept. Gray's use of statistics was in many ways crude. Yet Darwin was "eminently glad to see your conclusion. . . . It is of great importance to my notions."

In July 1857, Darwin, already deep in the business of writing his large book on species, felt he needed to let Gray in on his secret. To continue the stream of Gray's remarks, so valuable to him, required the risk of this revelation.

"My dear Dr. Gray," [he wrote] . . . "It is not a little egotistical, but I should like to tell you, (& I do not *think* I have) how I view my work. Nineteen years (!) ago it occurred to me that whilst otherwise employed on Nat. Hist., I might perhaps do good if I noted any sort of facts bearing on the question of the origin of species; & this I have since been doing. . . . As an honest man I must tell you that I have come to the heterodox conclusion that

Sassafras

there are no such things as independently created species—that species are only strong defined varieties."

Although a few British naturalists were aware of the bearing of Darwin's ideas from having talked to him, only Sir Charles Lyell, Joseph Hooker, and now Gray had seen these ideas in the connected form of a written outline. The paper Darwin sent his friend was mainly a bare, unadorned statement of the argument that later appeared in the first six chapters of the "Origin of Species." The first part discussed selection by man and what it can do. The second part applied selection to organisms in nature, expanding its time range to millions of generations. The third part described the struggle for life and the resulting natural selection. The fourth part, discussing variation, finally produced a statement on the formation of species themselves. "I cannot doubt that during millions of generations individuals of a species will be born with some slight variation profitable to some part of its economy."

* * *

Gray scarcely thought of himself as in the presence of a completed revolutionary doctrine. It was more like a spirited, only half-serious conversational sword-play between friends. Whether or not he completely agreed with all the implications of Darwin's theory of transmutation seemed at the time far less important than the fact that Darwin's and Hooker's ideas on plant geography cut directly against the ideas of Louis Agassiz, the zoologist.

In a surprisingly short time after his first arrival in the United States in 1846, Agassiz had clearly overshadowed his botanical colleague as well as all the other native-born scientists. He had gained important research facilities by an alliance with the leading scientist in the American government, Alexander Dallas Bache of the Coast Survey. He became the fount of authority for all the zoologists of the country. His achievements in raising money ($100,000 from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology) made Gray's efforts to replace the forty-five-year-old pickets in the Harvard Botanical Garden fence ($3,885 in private donations for the fence and repairs to the greenhouse) appear inconsequential.

Above all Agassiz used his glowing personality, his foreign accent, his continental manners, and his exuberant energy to become in the American public eye the very model of a scientific man. He joined the *literati*—Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., John Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and several lesser lights—to form the Saturday Club. The group was even sometimes called Agassiz's Club. Emerson listed Agassiz as second only to Thomas Carlyle as one of "my men."

The shadow of Agassiz as a social lion could perhaps be borne. Even his outstanding success in attracting students and funds for science could hardly be objected to in terms which

Tulip Tree

would not smack of jealousy. Gray nevertheless gradually came to realize that in his colleague's system of thought lay a threat to his own whole conception of science and philosophy.

Agassiz came to the United States bearing the very essence of German idealistic philosophy. He had as a student at Munich deeply imbibed the prevailing *naturphilosophie*. Where an empiricist might infer the Creator from the hand and the eye, the Germans had it the other way round. They could see evolution everywhere, but it took place in the mind of God.

Having denied that a species was genetically bound by descent from a common ancestor, Agassiz denied the unity of the human races. God had created separately large numbers of each of the races and meant them to remain apart. As a Swiss immigrant he may not have appreciated at first that he was very close to the pro-slavery

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THE MAKINGS OF A THEORY *are seldom visible to the layman. Sketches on this page and the page opposite make up a rare exception. They show how Asa Gray matched Asian and American plants to document species variation for Charles Darwin's theory of evolution. Left member of each pair shown is Asian, right is American. For access to the original drawings SR/Research owes appreciation to Dr. William Steere, director, and Miss Elizabeth Hall, librarian, of the New York Botanical Garden at Bronx Park.*

---

argument, which had a scientific as well as a political and social side. But when in 1854 he contributed an essay to Josiah Nott's and George R. Gliddon's *Types of Mankind*, no doubt could remain that his theories were at the service of the defenders of slavery. This enormous and miscellaneous collection of evidence had but one purpose, to prove the inferiority of the Negro. Such a performance was naturally displeasing to Gray, whose whole scientific orientation pointed toward the unity of the human races.

In 1855 Agassiz issued a prospectus for ten volumes of contributions to "The Natural History of the United States." The very name of Agassiz had such magic that soon 2,500 people had subscribed, "a support such as was never before offered to any scientific man for purely scientific ends. . . ." One as familiar as was Gray with Agassiz's personality and ideas could easily predict that the zoologist would state his principles *a priori* as the essential first step. Natural history in America would be saddled with Agassiz's views of ideal species, of multiple creation, catastrophism, and static geographical distribution of plants and animals. He might well influence the whole course of intellectual history of the late nineteenth century.

Besides the stimulation he felt from Darwin's questions, Gray immediately saw in him the antithesis of Agassiz. Upon receiving Darwin's short published note on the question whether

Sweet Gum Tree

sea-water kills seeds—a bit of evidence which bore on the transport and distribution of species—Gray promised "I shall have it nearly all reprinted in Silliman's Journal as a nut for Agassiz to crack." Thus began in a small way the presentation of Darwin's theories to the American public.

* * *

The plants of Japan and the United States held the balance between Agassiz and Darwin. Gray had known for a long time that an unusual number of plants of eastern North America were found also in eastern Asia and nowhere else. The question was: How had these species, either identical or closely similar, arrived at a position on different continents without any representatives between the two places? If the Creator on some occasions made two magnolias exactly alike and put them down, one in North Carolina and one in Japan, the question was already answered. But Gray had never accepted the mere fact of disjunct distribution as its own sufficient explanation. He had pointed to it more insistently in his "Statistics of the Flora of the United States."

Darwin had been immediately struck by this reference. "Nothing has surprised me more than the greater generic and specific affinity with E. Asia than with W. America. Can you tell me . . . whether climate explains this greater affinity? or is it one of the many inexplicable problems in Bot. geography?"

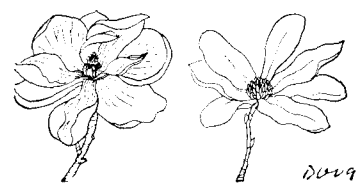
In postulating a reason for this distribution, Gray turned to the geological history of the northern hemisphere. The sequence of events came out quite clearly. In the Tertiary period, when

Witch Hazel

flowering plants had already become well established, a temperate flora covered much of northern extremities of all the continents, extending unbroken between Asia and North America in the Bering Strait region. With the advance of glaciers in the Northern hemisphere this homogeneous flora was driven southward and sundered into great branches, one in North America and one in Asia. After the glaciers receded, the temperate floras again moved northward, mingling across the Bering Strait, and with the cooling of the climate moved southward again to their present stations.

Thus an unbroken series of causes and effects accounted for the striking disjunction of plants in eastern North America and eastern Asia. What had been an *a priori* case for the double creation of species was completely and convincingly destroyed. Common ancestry and a single center of creation was established as the more reasonable assumption.

An even more interesting question arose, however, because not all of the cases of disjunct distribution were identical species. With great caution but nevertheless with a full appreciation of what he was doing, Gray concluded that representative species may "in many cases be lineal descendants from a pristine stock, just as domesticated races are," that "variation in species is wider than is generally supposed, and that derivation forms when segregated may be as constantly reproduced as their original." In certain particular cases, then, Gray's work showed that Darwin was right about the transmutation of species.



Magnolia

Gray did not by any means accept the whole of Darwin's system. That one species passed into another was probable. That natural selection was at work was equally likely. However, Gray was alive to the dangers lurking in the least known factor of Darwin's case, variation. Why, if organisms breed true, do they sometimes diverge and pass the variation along to their progeny? Darwin's system had a piece missing and Gray knew it.

With hindsight it is easy to see that the missing piece was the science of genetics. Although Gregor Mendel was a contemporary of Darwin and Gray, his discovery would not relieve this flaw in evolutionary theory during their lives. Gray's not having the key piece did not prevent him from noticing its absence in the clearest possible terms. "We no more know the reason why the progeny occasionally deviates from the parent than we do why it usually resembles it." All arguments which purport to prove that Gray "accepted" or "rejected" Darwin *in toto* must take account of the fact that the American had advanced a valid scientific objection which did credit to his wide knowledge and accurate powers of observation. Since genetics had long been the cornerstone of his own ideas of species, it is not too surprising that his questions were already calling for the next revolution in science.

—A. HUNTER DUPREE,
in "Asa Gray",
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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XLIV

Origin of Species — III

GENES AND GEOPOLITICS

The Missing Piece in Darwin's Puzzle of Life's Development Is Dr. George Beadle's Password to Global Brotherhood

—PASADENA, CALIF.

HOE IN hand, aslouch in slacks and a plain white shirt unbuttoned at the throat, Dr. George Wells Beadle, the Nobel laureate, appears as natural in his garden of tall corn as he does expounding at the lectern on the exciting new discoveries in genetics.

"I grow corn for sentimental reasons," he says, alluding to his earliest experiments with genes. He smiles shyly. "I also like to eat corn."

While he talks, a Siamese cat pads softly through the rows of stalks and stops to rub against his leg.

"She was hit by a car a while back, he says, leaning to pet the cat. "One of our graduate students got a vet out of bed in the middle of the night to save her life."

Obviously, Dr. Beadle likes cats. Once he had seventeen of them. Believing the Siamese to be a bit too fussy temperamentally, he applied his knowledge of genetics to create a truly well-adjusted cat.

"It was simple," he says. "I bred a Siamese with an alley cat."

Eventually, he knew, he'd get his Siamese back. He just sat back and relaxed—leaving the rest to the cats. Sure enough, in subsequent generations, along came a cat looking for all the world like a Siamese—but with the purring personality of an alley resident.

A lovely flower garden also graces the park-like acre surrounding Dr. Beadle's rambling stucco home across San Pasqual Street from California Institute of Technology, where he heads the famed Division of Biological Sciences. He has a double weakness for flowers. They please his gracious wife, Muriel. And they tighten his historic tie to the nineteenth century Augustinian monk, Gregor Mendel.

Mendel ushered in the new science of heredity a generation before his fellows were ready for it. Experimenting with peas in the 1860's, he found that these plants transferred their characteristics to offspring in a predictable, mathematical way. When purple-flowered peas were crossed with white-flowered ones, the seeds sprouted purple flowers. But when the hybrid plants were crossed, one-fourth of their descendants bore white flowers.

Mendel postulated that the reproductive cells contained two factors (genes)—one dominant (as with the purple-flowered pea), the other recessive (white-flowered pea). Although the purple-flowered gene dominates in the first generation, the suppressed white-flowered gene still exists. In the second generation, each seed has a one-in-four chance of inheriting only white genes. This seed will then bear pure white flowers, while the other three-fourths produce purple flowers.

Scientists re-discovered Mendel's principles about the turn of the twentieth century, tracking Mendel's "factors" down to the chromosomes in cells. The chromosomes were proved to copy themselves whenever a cell divides.

People are the same in this regard as Mendel's peas. The chromosomes bear two kinds of genes: recessive and dominant. A recessive gene can't come out of hiding until it meets a corresponding recessive gene from the other parent. Then a set of brown-eyed parents gaze agog—and sometimes with suspicion—on their blue-eyed offspring.

Blue-eyed George Wells Beadle was an infant about the time some of the foregoing information was being learned. Born in 1903, he lived with his widower father, a brother, and a sister on a farm in Wahoo, Nebraska. Perhaps this is why he appears so natural hoeing corn in the midst of residential Pasadena today. Actually, he'd probably be hoeing for a living had his father prevailed. But Dr. Beadle's high school teacher, Bess McDonald, didn't see things that way.

"I thought I was going back to the farm," he remembers. "She had a great ability to encourage her students to go ahead. She talked me into going to college."

Dr. Beadle's interest in genetics was nurtured by Professor Franklin D. Kein, who was working on hybrid wheat at the University of Nebraska. Later, at Cornell, Dr. Beadle became fascinated with the "corn school" of genetics, which accounts for his "sentimental" attachments to the tassled stuff today.

During this latter period, Dr. Thomas Hunt Morgan founded the "fly school" of genetics at Columbia and moved its center with him to Caltech, where he preceded Dr. Beadle as director of the Division of Biological Sciences until 1946. Certain defects in flies, observed Dr. Morgan, are caused by mutations in the chromosomes; these impairments are inherited in the Mendelian manner, like eye color.

One of the Morgan students (they include a great many of the best living geneticists) won a Nobel Prize for demonstrating how mutations can occur. This man was Dr. Hermann J. Muller, who found that X-rays cause hereditary changes in any living organism, apparently by attacking the genes. To illustrate, X-rayed genes are passed by a normal fly to its offspring. Result: a crippled fly.

Today geneticist Beadle looks at a deformed fly and thinks of man. He envisions the tragic, hellish results of a nuclear war.

"WITH wars of nuclear weapons it is entirely conceivable that there will be no victors," he says. "Participants and onlookers, too, may perish from blast, radiation and starvation. That is why a war of nuclear weapons is said to be unthinkable—why there is no alternative to peace. Logically, it is so. But war has never been logical. In the present state of armament, there can be no guarantees that an illogical lunatic or madman in a position of power will not pull the trigger that will set one off."

Decreasing war's likelihood is, to Dr. Beadle, "the greatest need of our time."

Radiation from atomic bombs already exploded will produce certain unfavorable hereditary changes among those whose reproductive cells are exposed. Genetic damage will not show in the exposed individual. But there is no recovery from it; the damage is transferred from generation to generation until finally it produces a deleterious effect.

Dr. Beadle's first major discovery in the mechanisms of inheritance was made with biologist Boris Ephrussi in 1935. Following up the researches of Sir Archibald Garrod of Oxford into

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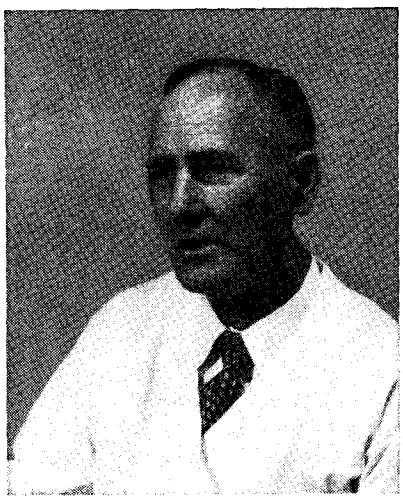


—Caltech.

Dr. George W. Beadle

diseases due to "inborn errors of metabolism," Ephrussi and Beadle confirmed what Sir Archibald's work had suggested: that the color of the eye of a fruit fly is determined by the action of a particular gene on a particular enzyme. Six years later, with Dr. Edward L. Tatum at Stanford, Dr. Beadle found that genes act in the same one-for-one combination with enzymes to control the synthesis of vitamins and amino acids.

This clarified whole areas of biology, opening rich new fields for investigation. For the first time, study of genetics of bacteria became possible. Application of genetic principles increased four-fold the production of penicillin in World War II. Other doors opened, and the experimenters learned that formation of protein molecules is directed by the genes.

In refining their techniques, Drs. Beadle and Tatum replaced fruit flies and corn—the traditional tools of the geneticist—with red bread mold (*Neurospora crassa*). The mold was simpler to grow, easier to control, more responsive to mutation stimuli, and capable of digesting vitamins and amino acids, the basic building blocks of life.

After being irradiated with X-rays and ultraviolet light, the mold spores were placed on a sheet of agar nutrient. Some mold sprouted and grew normally. Others failed to grow. The stunted specimens were put on special diets. One ailing strain needed only vitamin B-6 to make it grow. Mated with a normal strain, this cripple transmitted its need for vitamin B-6 to its offspring—in the proper Mendelian manner for a single mutated gene.

Dr. Beadle points out that the gene damaged by radiation was responsible for producing an enzyme (an organic catalyst) necessary in the mold's process for making vitamin B-6 out of simple nutrients. With that gene crippled, the mold couldn't grow without outside help. He compares the situation to that of a diabetic who requires insulin which his body cannot manufacture.

It was for the work at Stanford—the determination that genes control enzymes and enzymes control the chemistry of life—that Dr. Beadle shared the Nobel Prize with Tatum and Joshua Lederberg.

It is now generally believed that the high command of growth and reproduction lies within the giant molecule, designated DNA. DNA is found in the chromosome and is thought to be the substance that determines heredity and governs all cells from the stronghold of the nucleus. Most geneticists believe that the first life on Earth was probably some crude version of DNA which attracted organic molecules.

"We now see evolution as a continuous process," Dr. Beadle explains in a book ("Science and Resources," Johns Hopkins University Press) scheduled for publication this month. "Elements evolved from hydrogen, inorganic molecules and 'organic' molecules arose; these interacted to produce replicating systems like DNA; virus-like systems evolved into cellular forms; these in turn evolved into multicellular plants and animals; and finally man arose, with his capacity for adding cumulative cultural inheritance to the mechanical biological inheritance of his ancestors.

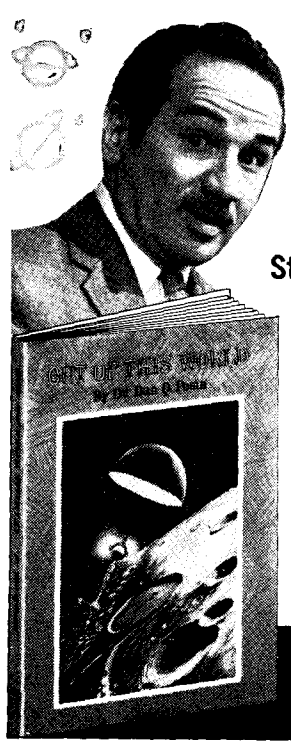
"MAN'S spectacular success in conquering his environment could be applied to directing our own evolutionary futures . . . but unless we were to do this with a great deal more wisdom than we have so far demonstrated we would surely fail miserably if we tried.

"With present rates of population growth, something will have to happen before too many generations. If we do nothing—which, even though negative, is a decision—populations will surely go on increasing at rates that will still further tax the civilizations that feed, clothe, and house them. In addition to a general increase in numbers, there will inevitably be changes in population composition, for at no time in the foreseeable future will different segments of the human population reproduce at equal rates. If the A's outbreed the B's and C's and D's, will it be because the A's are better fitted to direct man's future biological and cultural development? Or will it be because the A's are merely less responsible in controlling their numbers?

Questions of these kinds are at once vitally important and enormously difficult to answer. They go far beyond science in their implications. But what is to be done, once answers begin to be available, will have to be decided by society as a whole, and on a world-wide basis. Such decisions will inevitably require important modifications of present ways of thinking about social problems. For example, can we go on indefinitely defending as a fundamental freedom the right of individuals to determine how many children they will bear, without regard to the biological or cultural consequences?

"I leave this last question for you to ponder, for I can do no more than raise it."

—JERRY HULSE.



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Origin of Species — IV

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION

Each Age of Man Has Its Own Style and Language; Today's Clergy Must Create New Images to Fit Ours

By SAMUEL MILLER, *Dean, Harvard Divinity School*

WHEN THE climate of a culture changes, people are so preoccupied with their traditional habits and ways of looking at things that they do not see what is happening before their eyes. Revolutions come and go, states and empires fall, miracles rise from the ruins, yet people read their daily papers, eat and drink and sleep, suffer their sorrows, as if everything remained the same. They are supported by the structures of the past, to which they have been accustomed, and the new age coming into being rises unseen all about them. They are anachronisms, belonging to another age, yet living in this one.

In religion, the conserving tendency of faith exaggerates this indifference to the changing world. Thus the church may long deceive itself by its spectacular success in numbers and prestige without knowing how hollow it has become, or how feeble and unintelligible its message sounds to a world which has moved into new dimensions of knowledge and fear.

One of the tragedies of our time is that the minister is both overworked and unemployed; overworked in a multitude of tasks that do not have the slightest connection with religion, and unemployed in the serious concerns and exacting labors of maintaining a disciplined spiritual life among mature men and women.

It is a scandal of modern Protestantism that young men called to the high venture of the Christian way, disciplined by seminary training in the arduous dimensions of such faith, are graduated into churches where the magnitude of their vocation is, as Joseph Sittler had said, macerated, chopped into small pieces, by the pressure of the petty practices of so-called parish progress. Wherever the current ideal of the minister comes from—the big operator, the smart salesman, the successful tycoon—it still remains a puzzle why the minister should fall prey to such false images unless he has completely confused what he is supposed to be doing.

Herman Melville, a flamboyant rhetorician, yet with profound perceptions of what was involved in the minister's task, described the pulpit in the New Bedford Chapel where the one-time harpooner, Father Mapple, preached. "The pulpit," he says, "is ever this Earth's foremost part. All the rest comes in its rear; the pulpit leads the world. From thence it is that the storm of God's quick wrath is first described, and the bow must bear the earliest brunt. From thence it is that the God of breezes fair or foul is first invoked for favorable winds. Yes, the world's a ship on its passage out, and not a voyage complete; and the pulpit is its prow."

The world is still a ship on its passage out. There is no doubt of that, nor that the voyage is incomplete. Indeed, we are more uncertain than Melville as to where we are going. Our charts seem obsolete in the light of new facts and forces, so we probe the unknown with a dread as terrifying as that the first man must have felt when he ventured out of sight of land under strange skies.

But the pulpit now is certainly not the *prow* of this world, dividing new seas with its bold bow. The pulpit does not lead the world either in generating power or in initiating ideas.

The whole imaginative structure of Christian truth, elaborated in myth and symbol, for the most part has crumbled under the impact of the last three centuries of revolutionary thought, scientific methods, and historical studies. The vision of reality articulated in this great Biblical formulary has evaporated and no longer serves as the frame of reference for elucidating the mysteries of being human.

We have not deliberately renounced our Christian heritage, but for the most part it no longer plays a dynamic role either in the motivation of our actions or in the judgments which evaluate our satisfactions.

We must ask at this point: Shall we labor to create a new Christian culture with materials coming from the new discoveries, disciplines, and attitudes of our time, or shall we succumb to an essentially non-religious culture?

It has always been the function of faith to supply a structure of myth and symbol, and to enact in appropriate rites a vision of reality capable of sustaining the larger inferences of meaning in the life of a people, thus providing a margin sufficiently suggestive for the exercise of freedom in human possibilities but not reducible to precise, black and white, static literalisms. It is such a symbolic structure of the imagination which both ties together the disparate realities and forces of human existence, and at the same time becomes a vocabulary, verbal, visual, and active, by which a community can be established and under certain conditions can rise to the level of communion. Wherever this symbolic structure evaporates, loses its power of suggestion, becomes dogmatically rigid and then superficially literal, the people lose their means of coherence.

The minister, if he is to be useful to the rehabilitation of society and the redemption of the individual, cannot offer the twentieth century the image which the thirteenth century found eminently satisfactory and adequate. The new age has a style of its own, a language peculiar to itself, and whatever image of reality is to be conjured up must be of the very substance of our time. On the other hand, the minister can scarcely believe that the twentieth century, unlike all others, has transcended the limitations of time and history so that it is sufficient to itself. A vision of reality limited only to our own epoch is stupidly parochial.

WE have moved out of the Magical Age, as I. A. Richards has put it, into the Scientific. We have reached a new maturity of freedom from superstition and credulity. There has occurred an extraordinary activity and excitement in all the creative aspects of man's mind and spirit. New life is erupting in fresh but ambiguous forms needing identification and judgment. To evaluate such a burgeoning mass of new work is not easy, but it is evident that in the midst of it there is much which approximates or reflects the ancient and traditional expressions of religious concerns about the elemental mysteries of human existence.

Into the vacuum left by the slow evaporation of the Biblical image of reality, the burgeoning powers of this

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age have understandably and desperately pushed their way, seeking to formulate a new vision of reality more congenial to the terms of our contemporary sensibilities and knowledge. The arts have gone philosophical. Beckman, Klee, Picasso, Henry Moore deliver their gnomic elucidations about the nature of reality with religious seriousness. The sciences, too, finding themselves on the brink of this same vacuum, have not always been slow to make a leap of faith concerning ultimate things, or if the scientists themselves modestly desisted, their friends have rushed in with cosmic conclusions. Even business, for all its pragmatic traditions and prejudices, has become quite confidently responsible and evangelical, urging upon men and their families the "business way of life."

Thus the minister stands for a whole congery of notions which have become mere words, the realities seemingly no longer a part of modern existence, and he must deal with a turbulent age doing its best to create a new order of intelligible meaning.

Now that the Christian vision no longer reverberates in the life of the contemporary man, how will the minister find the insight or the courage to proclaim "good news"? Can he offer the Bible to a people disabused of its validity? Can he recall heaven and hell to a people who have laughed them out of existence? Can he talk to them of God, when they find God quite unimaginable in such a world, scientifically structured in iron law? Can he explain faith, redemption, grace, while they wonder what such things have to do with the defense mechanisms of the Ego or the libidinous expressions of the Id? Can he continue to conduct the rites of the church, and speak of "holy" things when life itself has been naturalized and even the church transfers its own significance to statistical categories and popular prestige?

Sharing in this demythologized epoch, he may have no vision of reality to offer. But if there is no vision, there is no preacher, no message, no church. He cannot peddle Dante or Thomas, Luther or Calvin, as if nothing had happened in the world since their time. As Kierkegaard so succinctly put it, one cannot crib the answers to the problems of the age from the back of the book.

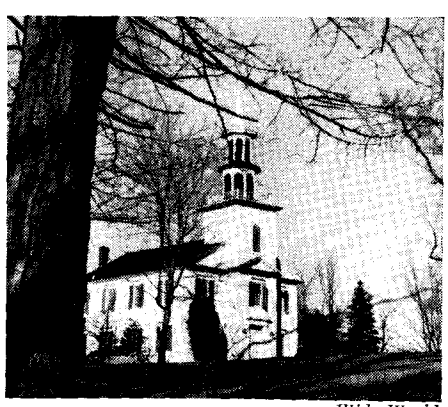
It is only by dint of the severest intellectual discipline that a man may provide a vision of reality for such an age as this.

If that vision is in the Christion tradition, he must discover how to unwrap it, reveal its dynamic suggestiveness, make plain its elucidation of the human problem. If it is not in the Christian tradition, he must discover where it is and what it is.

The accompanying text was excerpted from Dean Miller's convocation sermon at Harvard Memorial Church this fall.

In all, he must be able to make wise and revealing judgments, not confusing truth with novelty or tradition with truth, but discerning the distinctions between appearance and reality, between the authentic and the popular. To attain the intellectual acumen to be wise about the living past in the present, to be able to confirm the eternal in the temporal, and to discriminate sharply between sophisticated skepticism and skeptical faith is an order of considerable magnitude. It is certainly no job for an ecclesiastical mechanic or a general manager of parish programs. The radical thrust of this work is in the direction of the profoundest perceptiveness, imagination, rational daring, and penetrating insight.

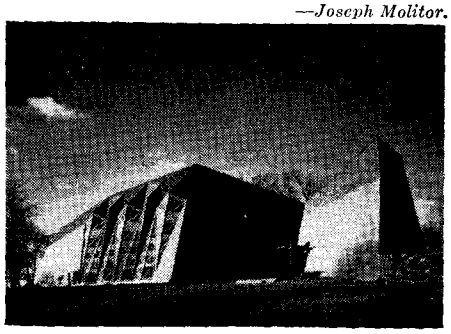
AS IN other professions, and nowhere more disastrously, American practicality has contrived short cuts in the training of the ministry. Concerned with only shortsighted results, it has reduced theological education to a vulgarized form of a trade school, where facile schemes, glib formulae, and manipulative methods prepare a man for disillusionment and heartsickening bitterness when he discovers all too late that such bright and shining stones are no food for the hunger of honest men and women, touched by this world's tragic pain.



—Wide World.

IF ART ANTICIPATES THE FUTURE in church design, there is symbolism in change from traditional spire (above) to (below) fish-shape born of the sea, where science believes evolution of life began.

—Joseph Molitor.



A great deal of nonsense, especially in pietistic circles, supported by a native American anti-intellectualism, has been uttered in this regard. The attainment of the saints has been praised as if it were achieved either without assistance from or in spite of their intelligence. Neither history nor biography corroborates such an illusion. A soft-headed saint is simply no saint.

The specifications for rehabilitating a usable vision of reality in our time are such as to thrust a man beyond all normal limits of his resources. He must probe the past till he finds the quick of it—and knows beyond the peradventure of a doubt the broad and everlasting realities in it which run like a living stream into our own day. He must probe the present, suffer the full brunt of its tumultuous power and passion. He must take the Bible, a very old book fashioned in archaic languages and forms, and unveil the present intimacy of its radical realities. He must handle the mixed and perplexing chaos of mortal circumstance, the old and the new, the great and the inconsequential, the sacred and the profane, and by an alchemy of his own he must make sense of things, or be honest and humble in knowing he can do no more than to face them wisely and bravely.

A learned ministry is not necessarily pedantic. Indeed, a minister is in many respects a disciplined amateur. He is amateur because he works forever at the edge of unprecedented possibilities in the freedom by which the spirit fulfills events and needs. He is amateur because he is concerned with everything human across the entire spectrum of sensibility from feeling to idea to action. He is amateur because he is the lover of this world, intent on fulfilling its deepest and most radical reality.

As amateur, he will want to draw together insight and perception from every corner of time and space. He will meditate, day and night, on those primordial myths in which the experience of multitudes was strained, concentrated, and objectified in archaic figures and forms. He will read the long and troubled contours of the past, the profound penetrations of prophet and priest, the dreams and corruption and heroism of the church, the anguish of centuries and the hope of eternity.

Every profession of our time increasingly demands a skill of theoretical knowledge and practical application; and the ministry no less than any other must be a disciplined profession. By and large, we are not so at present. We have bartered our professional birthright of an honored place in the economy of a community by reducing our office to a mad dervish dance of unenlightened public activities. Our duty is still an intellectual one.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—U. S. Geological Survey.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into many new and strange environments for whose habitation we are inadequately prepared. Man's growing power to manipulate nature has generated an eagerness to speed exploration of the possibilities yet ahead at such a pace that a new superstition has sprung up: "The folly," as Dr. Paul Sears calls it, "that because something becomes technically possible, any and all of its applications are therefore justified and that consequences can be left to work themselves out." Effortless plenty is not the normal order of nature, no matter how fiercely the world may wish it so. Dreams for a progressively magnificent future will collapse beneath the weight of time unless now living men begin to apply the brakes of reason. Homo sapiens is at least 3,000 times younger than the planet he lives on. And, to quote Dr. Sears again (from Abbott's publication,* What's New?*) "he has come*

F. RAYMOND FOSBERG

(National Research Council)

MOST organisms occupy a very definite, usually rather restricted position on a scale ranging from the *pioneer* types that inhabit raw newly available habitats to the so-called *climax* organisms, those of mature stable communities. An important distinction separating these types is the duration of their occupancy of habitat. The *pioneer* exerts a strong effect on its environment and tends to change the environment relatively rapidly, soon rendering its own further occupancy unsuitable. The *climax* organism, on the contrary, does not bring about or further such change, but lives in adjustment with its environment and may even tend to stabilize the environment and maintain equilibrium.

Good examples of *pioneer* organisms are the army worm and the migratory locust, which swarm over open cultivated fields devouring everything green and are forced to move on, hunting for other forage, or perish from starvation.

The gray squirrel may exemplify a *climax* organism. It lives in the stable oak-hickory forest, eating the surplus acorns, but, incidentally and unintentionally, in the course of storing acorns for winter use, planting enough of them to assure ample reproduction of the oaks on which it depends.

The physiology of most organisms determines their patterns of ecological behavior and only changes in the organisms' genetic makeup can alter these patterns. In man the emergence of the faculty of intelligence makes possible self-determination or choice of type of ecological behavior, probably for the first time in the course of organic evolution. Man, as a species, has it within his power to fulfill the role of a *pioneer* (but in all probability temporary) member of the world biotic community, or the role of a permanent *climax* species.

Modern man seems clearly to be following the role of a *pioneer* species. His numbers are increasing geometrically. His ability to modify his environment is likewise growing geometrically and is being used without restraint. His rate of consumption of the resources of his environment naturally follows the curve of the products of the two factors just mentioned.

Two points in this picture are of especial concern here.

◄ First, most or all of the resources essential to man's life or well-being are definitely limited in amount and some are already in short supply. Most of these shortages are not yet so apparent in the United States, especially as we are financially able to buy abroad what we do not have here. But in many countries raw materials for industry such as petroleum, coal, iron ore, and bauxite, potash and phosphate for fertilizers, and even basic foods, are in desperately short supply. Fertile agricultural land is no longer to be had for the asking. In large areas of the Earth lack of water is a specter always in sight.

In the United States, an attempt to invade the Porcupine Mountains State Park in Michigan for its low-grade copper ore has just been averted. Here it was proposed to sacrifice needed recreational resources to satisfy a need for minerals. Forced choices of this sort will become more and more frequent. Space, as a resource, has become important almost over night. Bitter fights are already being waged over the location of super-highways, because of differences of opinion on the relative importance of the use of the same land for highways versus residence or recreation. In the western United States a contest of giants is going on over what areas are to use the waters of the Colorado River drainage. If the upper Colorado states win, as now seems to be the case, California and Arizona will have much less water, and water is a limiting factor in their development. Such problems were scarcely imagined fifty years ago.

◄ Secondly, man was physically and emotionally evolved to fit a particular range of habitats. Early fossil man is known principally from such warm areas as Indonesia. Before he discovered the use of fire and skin clothing to keep himself warm he was confined to climates where artificial warmth or protection were unnecessary. He was also very likely restricted to forest edges, stream sides, and coastal sites where he could, without implements, secure fruits, seeds, and shellfish for food. Little is known about the exact habitat range of man prior to his discovery of fire, but we may be sure that with this discovery and that of weapons he was able to spread to colder regions and places where food was harder to get. This was the beginning of technology. By means of modern technology he has managed to increase vastly his habitat range. Physically little changed, he has spread into most of the natural environments on the Earth's land surface and into a great diversity of those of his own making.

TECHNOLOGICALLY, it is probably feasible to modify almost any environment to accommodate human occupation physically. This will be true, as long as resources hold out, of all except, perhaps, habitats highly contaminated with radioactive materials. Man's physiology is reasonably well understood and his physical requirements are the preoccupation of most of the constructive efforts of applied science.

The adjustment between man's emotional and nervous makeup and these profound changes in his environment is a more immediately serious matter. Failure of the nervous system, the sensory and communications apparatus of the human organism, is not merely equivalent to, but, from the point of view of society, worse than, complete failure of the whole organism, or death. Neither the physiology of the nervous system nor the functioning of the human mind

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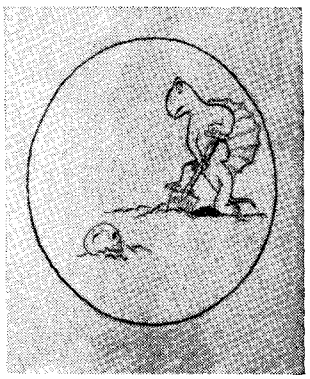
into existence and survived thus far by virtue of developments that took place during long prehuman time. He is the beneficiary of such changes as the evolution of other forms of plants and animal life suited to his needs, and the concentration of mineral ores and fossil fuels. But he also survives by virtue of orderly and dynamic processes whereby energy and materials are transformed and deployed. Radiant energy from the Sun is impounded in organic forms instead of being immediately dissipated. Water drawn from the seas and dropped upon the land is retarded by vegetation and stored above and below the surface, thus becoming available to sustain terrestrial life." What the rest of the story could be is described below by Dr. F. Raymond Fosberg, a staff member of the Pacific Vegetation Project of the National Research Council, in an adaptation of a paper he read at the Ninth Pacific Science Congress in Bangkok.



—*Alfred Romer.*

Detail on office door at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology

and emotions is understood nearly as well as are the physical requirements of man. His nervous system and its product, the mind, have shown themselves to be very resilient and have adapted to an amazing amount of change from the situations they were evolved to meet. But instincts are an essential part of the organism, evolved along with its physical attributes and adaptations, to assure survival in the natural environment. It seems clear enough that conflict between instincts and the natural environment would not exist, and that such conflict would arise and increase as the environment became modified.

IT IS entirely possible, even probable, that this is the modern form assumed by natural selection in the continued evolution of man. If so, this means that the surviving portion of the human race will be different from man as we know him now. He will be harder, and the gentler traits that we now admire, as well as the appreciation of and need for the beauty of nature, will be bred out of him.

It is entirely possible that man will not survive the changed environment that he is creating, either because of failure of resources, war over their dwindling supply, or failure of his nervous system to evolve as rapidly as the change in environment will require. Or he may survive only in small numbers, suffering the drastic reduction that is periodically the lot of *pioneer* species, or he may change beyond our recognition. All of these alternatives have plenty of precedent among *pioneer* plant and animal species.

The fossil record is replete with species of plants and animals that have not survived environmental change. Witness the whole order of the dinosaurs, the giant plants of the coal periods, and the widespread sabre-tooth tigers.

Modern *pioneers* that build up large populations when new open habitats are available and which suffer drastic reduction when their habitats become modified have been mentioned above. The army worm and migratory locust are plagues in open grasslands and cultivated areas, not in undisturbed forests. Every forest fire scar and every abandoned cultivated field provide equally striking examples of *pioneer* weeds, coming in, increasing by thousands for two or three years, changing the environment, and dying down to mere stragglers that persist under the changed conditions till another opportunity arises.

Change in the characteristics of species as environments change is one of the normal patterns of evolution. The classic example is the gradual evolution of the horse from a tiny primitive five-toed denizen of the forest to the highly specialized one-toed inhabitant of open plains that we know today. This took place with increasing prevalence of plains conditions during the later geological epochs.

If the foregoing fates are not palatable to man, the possibility of assuming another role than that of the *pioneer* species may still be open to him. If this is true, it will be the part of the sciences of ecology and geography, especially the former, to show the way. These two, alone, have as a principal function the building up of knowledge and understanding of the environment as such. The extent and nature of the change in man's treatment of his environment necessary to the establishment of a permanent equilibrium with it can only be formulated through a broad ecological approach.

I have suggested elsewhere that any community, at whatever level, from town to nation, might profitably have on its staff of public servants a community ecologist. We now regard it as normal to employ engineers to supervise our highway, water, and sewer activities. It is perhaps even more important to give an influential status to an ecologist. His specific task would be to study all proposals that would result in any modification of the environment to determine if the modification would result in a less satisfactory habitat for man.

Especially at the higher levels of community integration, as in state and national governments, a similar office of community geographer might also be very appropriate. His task would be the same as that of the community ecologist but he would approach it through major geographical patterns. His understanding of the environment would be extensive rather than intensive, but his function would be the same, to keep man from making mistakes that would degrade his environment.

HOW to achieve a stable biotic community with man as a member is certainly the most important single question ever to face any branch of applied science. No answer is yet available. It must certainly involve some means of stabilizing or even reducing the human population of the world. It will involve the elimination or control of greed and the rational, balanced, use of natural resources. There must be achieved the management and utilization of the environment on a true sustained yield basis. And all this must be accomplished without altering the environment beyond the capacity of the human organism as we know it to live in it.

As the task progresses and basic understanding develops, the human factor will loom larger and larger. As the physical and biological framework is outlined the task of fitting man into it and establishing his role in the new system will become paramount. Even more critical will be the educational problem of influencing man to assume this role. Whether as a scientific community we are sufficiently interested, far-sighted, and courageous to attack such a problem may well determine the future of man on Earth.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1338

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Disposed to parsimony.

B. First coed college in U.S.

C. Amer. orator who said "Protection and patriotism are reciprocal".

D. Famous title in the Douglas family, associated with several forms of sport.

E. Incapable of being defended.

F. The tail of an aeroplane (orig. a Fr. wd.).

G. Glassy.

H. A traditional operatic heroine who is usually nice to listen to and is king-size.

I. The study of rocks.

J. A sort of race, featuring obstacles not more than two and a half feet high (2 wds.).

K. Excuses for not appearing in court at an appointed time.

L. Signify.

M. It would look fine if this bright star in Pegasus went backwards!

N. Dull finish.

WORDS

6 141 19 110 160 63 104 131 162 182 34

101 117 90 123 20 166 178

151 121 140 83 12 183 180

152 174 43 47 69 11 27 124 119 113 85

115 195 1 187 14 57 170 25 28

5 40 100 171 175 189 150 122 146

73 95 35 98 93 30 153 120

154 61 173 26 51 143

56 193 168 163 105 8 196 32 181

139 169 16 2 77 42 94 29 204 132

9 167 88 198 202 114 161

176 84 50 41 137 74

66 45 112 13

157 130 37 192 138

DEFINITIONS

O. Emanations which "live within the sense they quicken".

P. One crop of which U.S. furnishes most of the world's supply.

Q. Change one's mind with regard to one's past conduct.

R. Great mountain system, featuring volcanoes, lofty plateaus, and highest peak of Western Hemisphere.

S. Boats; skill; devious dealings.

T. To be uneasy with eager longing.

U. Touch closely, even encroach.

V. Day before the ides.

W. Ministering.

X. Italian name for the French commune near the Grimaldi caves.

Y. Eroded.

Z. Musical symbols for a cessation of sound.

Z1. Vocation of the famous uncle for whom the contemporary Oscar Hammerstein was named.

Z2. Filmy material called "rag" by the French.

Z3. A special zither provided with dampers producing chords.

WORDS

99 149 133 10 91

55 185 82 107 87 190

200 127 86 156 53 71

125 165 46 158 4

145 102 147 134 7

81 15 191 184 31

67 203 186 72 78 142 49

148 108 144 52 89

164 109 54 118 136 23 24 96 126

129 39 159 201 62 22 3

60 188 79 33 18

128 111 59 64 92

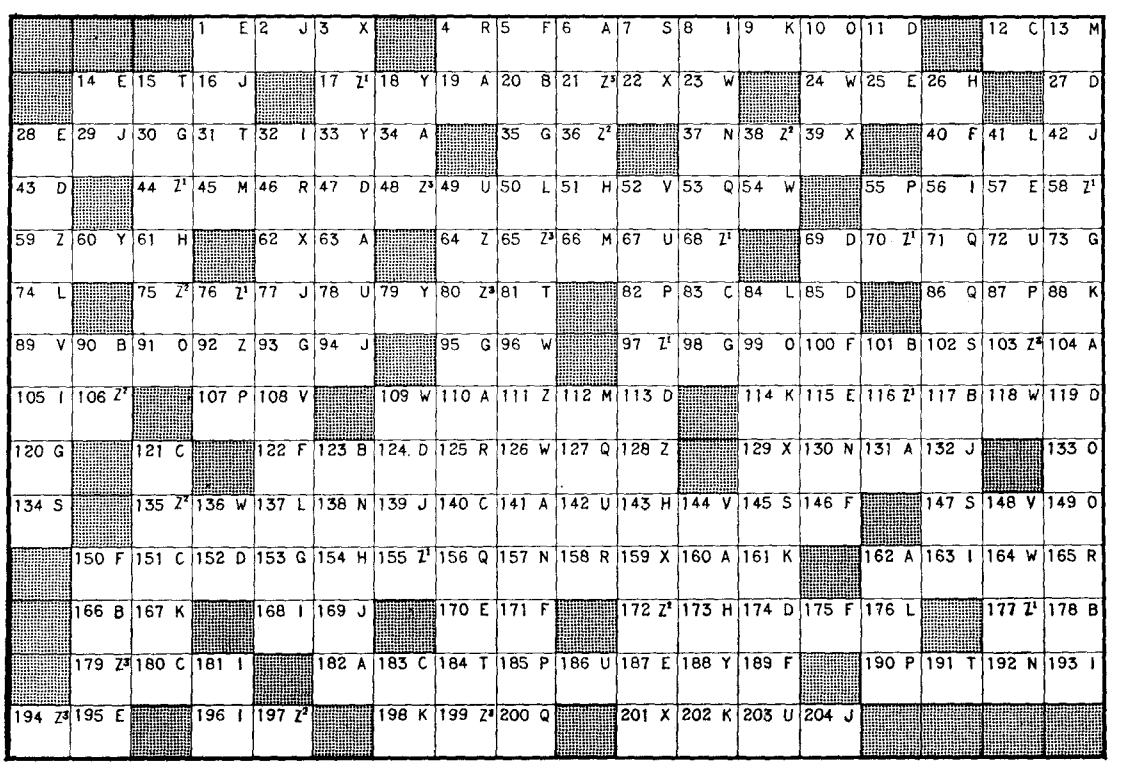
177 116 97 155 17 58 70 68 44 76

75 38 135 172 197 36 106

21 199 103 194 65 179 80 48

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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SS PRESIDENT POLK	June 23	July 12
SS PRESIDENT MONROE	August 18	September 6
SS PRESIDENT POLK	October 12	October 31

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